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THE
SECRETS OF THE SELF
(ASRÁR-I-KHUDÍ)

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM

BY

DR. SIR MUHAMMAD IQBAL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL PERSIAN
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Revised Edition

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KASHMIRI BAZAR, LAHORE
1944

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First published (Macmillan) . . . 1920
Revised edition 1940
Reprinted 1944

Printed by E G Tilt (Manager) at the Civil and Military
Gazette, Ltd, 48 The Mall, Lahore and published by
Sh Muhammad Ashraf, Kashmiri Bazar, Lahore

CONTENTS

Introduction	vi
Prologue	1
I Showing that the system of the universe originates in the Self, and that the continuation of the life of all individuals depends on strengthening the Self	16
II. Showing that the life of the Self comes from forming desires and bringing them to birth	23
III. Showing that the Self is strengthened by Love	28
IV Showing that the Self is weakened by asking	38
V. Showing that when the Self is strengthened by Love it gains dominion over the outward and inward forces of the universe	43
VI. A tale of which the moral is that negation of the Self is a doctrine invented by the subject races of mankind in order that by this means they may sap and weaken the character of their rulers	48
VII To the effect that Plato, whose thought has deeply influenced the mysticism and literature of Islam, followed the sheep's doctrine, and that we must be on our guard against his theories	56

VIII	Concerning the true nature of poetry and the reform of Islamic literature	60
IX	Showing that the education of the self has three stages: Obedience, Self-control, and Divine Vicegerency	72
X	Setting forth the inner meanings of the names of Ah	85
XI	Story of a young man of Mir who came to the saint Ali Hujwiri—God have mercy on him!—and complained that he was oppressed by his enemies	95
XII	Story of the bird that was tamed with thirst	100
XIII	Story of the diamond and the coal	104
XIV	Story of the Sheikh and the Bahamm, followed by a conversation between Ganges and Himalaya to the effect that the continuation of social life depends on firm attachment to the characteristic traditions of the community	108
XV	Showing that the purpose of the Moslem's life is to exalt the Word of Allah, and that the <i>Jihād</i> (war against unbelievers) if it be prompted by land-hunger, is unlawful in the religion of Islam	116
XVI	Precepts written for the Moslems of India by Mír Najāt Nakshband who is generally known as Bábá Sahraī	122
XVII	Time is a sword	134
XVIII	An invocation	141

INTRODUCTION

THE *Asrar-i-Khudi* was first published at Lahore in 1915. I read it soon afterwards and thought so highly of it that I wrote to Iqbal, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Cambridge some fifteen years ago, asking leave to prepare an English translation. My proposal was cordially accepted, but in the meantime I found other work to do, which caused the translation to be laid aside until last year. Before submitting it to the reader, a few remarks are necessary concerning the poem and its author.¹

¹The present translation follows the text of the second edition.

Iqbal is an Indian Moslem. During his stay in the West he studied modern philosophy, in which subject he holds degrees from the Universities of Cambridge and Munich. His dissertation on the development of metaphysics in Persia—an illuminating sketch—appeared as a book in 1908. Since then he has developed a philosophy of his own, on which I am able to give some extremely interesting notes communicated by himself. Of this, however, the *Asrar-i-Khudi* gives no systematic account, though it puts his ideas in a popular and attractive form. While the Hindu philosophers, in explaining the doctrine of the unity of being, addressed themselves to the head, Iqbal, like the Persian poets who teach the same doctrine, takes a more dangerous course and aims at the heart. He is no mean poet, and his verse can rouse or persuade even if his logic fail to

convince. His message is not for the Mohammedans of India alone, but for Moslems everywhere: accordingly he writes in Persian instead of Hindustani—a happy choice, for amongst educated Moslems there are many familiar with Persian literature, while the Persian language is singularly well adapted to express philosophical ideas in a style at once elevated and charming.

Iqbal comes forward as an apostle, if not to his own age, then to posterity—

"I have no need of the ear of To-day,
I am the voice of the poet of To-morrow"—.

and after Persian fashion he invokes the Saki to fill his cup with wine and pour moonbeams into the dark night of this thought,

"That I may lead home the wanderer,
And imbue the idle looker-on with restless
impatience,
And advance hotly on a new quest,
And become known as the champion of a new
spirit."

Let us begin at the end. What is the far-off goal on which his eyes are fixed? The answer to that question will discover his true character, and we shall be less likely to stumble on the way if we see whither we are going. Iqbal has drunk deep of European literature, his philosophy owes much to Nietzsche and Bergson, and his poetry often reminds us of Shelley; yet he thinks and feels as a Moslem, and just for this reason his influence may be great. He is a religious enthusiast, inspired by the vision of a New Mecca, a world-wide, theocratic, Utopian state in which all Moslems, no longer divided by the barriers of race and country, shall be one. He will have nothing to do with nationalism and imperialism. These, he says, "rob us of Paradise": they make us strangers to each other, destroy feelings of brotherhood, and sow the bitter seed of war. He

INTRODUCTION

dreams of a world ruled by religion, not by politics, and condemns Machiavelli, that "worshipper of false gods," who has blinded so many. It must be observed that when he speaks of religion he always means Islam. Non-Moslems are simply unbelievers, and (in theory, at any rate) the *Jihad* is justifiable, provided that it is waged "for God's sake alone." A free and independent Moslem fraternity, having the Ka'ba as its centre and knit together by love of Allah and devotion to the Prophet — such is Iqbal's ideal. In the *Asrar-i-Khudi* and the *Rumuz-i-Bekhudi* he preaches it with a burning sincerity which we cannot but admire, and at the same time points out how it may be attained. The former poem deals with the life of the individual Moslem, the latter with the life of the Islamic community.

The cry "Back to the Koran! Back to Mohammed!" has been heard

before, and the responses have hitherto been somewhat discouraging. But on this occasion it is allied with the revolutionary force of Western philosophy, which Iqbal hopes and believes will vitalise the movement and ensure its triumph. He sees that Hindu intellectualism and Islamic pantheism have destroyed the capacity for action, based on scientific observation and interpretation of phenomena, which distinguishes the Western peoples "and especially the English." Now, this capacity depends ultimately on the conviction that *khudi* (selfhood, individuality, personality) is real and is not merely an illusion of the mind. Iqbal, therefore, throws himself with all his might against idealistic philosophers and pseudo-mystical poets, the authors, in his opinion, of the decay prevailing in Islam, and argues that only by self-affirmation, self-expression, and self-développement can the

Moslems once more become strong and free. He appeals from the alluring raptures of Hafiz to the moral fervour of Jalalu'ddin Rumi, from an Islam sunk in Platonic contemplation to the fresh and vigorous monotheism which inspired Mohammed and brought Islam into existence.¹ Here, perhaps, I should guard against a possible misunderstanding. Iqbal's philosophy is religious, but he does not treat philosophy as the handmaid of religion. Holding that the full development of the individual presupposes a society, he finds the ideal society in what he considers to be the Prophet's conception of Islam. Every Moslem, in striving to make himself a more perfect individual, is helping

¹ His criticism of Hafiz called forth angry protests from Súfí circles in which Hafiz is venerated as a master-hierophant. Iqbal made no recantation, but since the passage had served its purpose and was offensive to many, he cancelled it in the second edition of the poem. It is omitted in my translation

to establish the Islamic kingdom of God upon earth.¹

The *Asrar-i-Khudi* is composed in the metre and modelled on the style of the famous *Masnawi*. In the prologue Iqbal relates how Jalalu'ddin Rumi, who is to him almost what Virgil was to Dante, appeared in a vision and bade him arise and sing. Much as he dislikes the type of Sufism exhibited by Hafiz, he pays homage to the pure and profound genius of Jalalu'ddin, though he rejects the doctrine of self-abandonment taught by the great Persian mystic and does not accompany him in his pantheistic flights.

¹ The principles of Islam, regarded as the ideal society, as set forth in the author's second poem, the *Rumús-i-Békhudi* or "Mysteries of Selflessness." He explains the title by pointing out that the individual who loses himself in the community reflects both the past and the future as in a mirror, so that he transcends mortality and enters into the life of Islam, which is infinite and everlasting. Among the topics discussed are the origin of society, the divine guidance of man through the prophets, the formation of collective life-centres, and the value of History as a factor in maintaining the sense of personal identity in a people.

To European readers the *Asrar-i-Khudi* presents certain obscurities which no translation can entirely remove. These lie partly in the form and would not be felt, as a rule, by any one conversant with Persian poetry. Often, however, the ideas themselves, being associated with peculiarly Oriental ways of thinking, are hard for our minds to follow. I am not sure that I have always grasped the meaning or rendered it correctly; but I hope that such errors are few, thanks to the assistance so kindly given me by my friend Muhammad Shafi, now Professor of Arabic at Lahore, with whom I read the poem and discussed many points of difficulty. Other questions of a more fundamental character have been solved for me by the author himself. At my request he drew up a statement of his philosophical views on the problems touched and suggested in

the book. I will give it in his own words as nearly as possible. It is not, of course, a complete statement, and was written, as he says, "in a great hurry," but apart from its power and originality it elucidates the poetical argument far better than any explanation that could have been offered by me.

"1. THE PHILOSOPHICAL BASIS OF THE
ASRAR-I-KHUDI

"That experience should take place in finite centres and should wear the form of finite this-ness is in the end inexplicable.' These are the words of Prof. Bradley. But starting with these inexplicable centres of experience, he ends in a unity which he calls Absolute and in which the finite centres lose their finiteness and distinctness. According to him, therefore, the finite centre is only an appearance. The test of reality, in

his opinion, is all-inclusiveness; and since all finiteness is 'infected with relativity,' it follows that the latter is a mere illusion. To my mind, this inexplicable finite centre of experience is the fundamental fact of the universe. All life is individual; there is no such thing as universal life. God Himself is an individual: He is the most unique individual.¹ The universe, as Dr. McTaggart says, is an association of individuals; but we must add that the orderliness and adjustment which we find in this association is not eternally achieved and complete in itself. It is the result of instinctive or conscious effort. We are gradually travelling from chaos to cosmos and are helpers in this achievement. Nor are the members of the association fixed; new members are ever coming to birth to co-operate in the great

¹ This view was held by the orthodox Imām Ahmad ibn Hanbal in its extreme (anthropomorphic) form.

task. Thus the universe is not a completed act: it is still in the course of formation. There can be no complete truth about the universe, for the universe has not yet become 'whole.' The process of creation is still going on, and man too takes his share in it, inasmuch as he helps to bring order into at least a portion of the chaos. The Koran indicates the possibility of other creators than God.¹

"Obviously, this view of man and the universe is opposed to that of the English Neo-Hegelians as well as to all forms of pantheistic Sufism which regard absorption in a universal life or soul as the final aim and salvation of man.² The moral and religious ideal of man is not self-negation but self-affirmation, and he attains to this ideal by becoming more and more indivi-

¹ Koran, ch. 23, v. 14: "Blessed is God, the best of those who create."

² Cf. his note on "Islam and Mysticism" (*The New Era*, 1916, p. 250).

dual, more and more unique. The Prophet said, '*Takhallaqu bi-akhlaq Allah,*' 'Create in yourselves the attributes of God.' Thus man becomes unique by becoming more and more like the most unique Individual. What then is life? It is individual: its highest form, so far, is the Ego (*Khudi*) in which the individual becomes a self-contained exclusive centre. Physically as well as spiritually man is a self-contained centre, but he is not yet a complete individual. The greater his distance from God, the less his individuality. He who comes nearest to God is the completest person. Not that he is finally absorbed in God. On the contrary, he absorbs God into himself.¹ The true person not only absorbs the world of matter; by

¹ Here Iqbal adds: "Mauláná Rûmî has very beautifully expressed this idea. The Prophet, when a little boy, was once lost in the desert. His nurse Halîma was almost beside herself with grief, but while roaming the desert in search of the boy she heard a voice saying:

mastering it he absorbs God Himself into his Ego. Life is a forward assimilative movement. It removes all obstructions in its march by assimilating them. Its essence is the continual creation of desires and ideals, and for the purpose of its preservation and expansion it has invented or developed out of itself certain instruments, *e.g.* senses, intellect, etc., which help it to assimilate obstructions.¹ The greatest obstacle in the way of life is matter, Nature; yet Nature is not evil, since it enables the inner powers of life to unfold themselves.

‘Do not grieve, he will not be lost to thee;

Nay, the whole world will be lost in him.’

The true individual cannot be lost in the world; it is the world that is lost in him. I go a step further and say, prefixing a new half-verse to a hemistich of Rûmî (Transl. 1. 1325):

In his will that which God wills becomes lost.

‘How shall a man believe this saying?’”

¹ Transl. 1. 289 foll.

"The Ego attains to freedom by the removal of all obstructions in its way. It is partly free, partly determined,¹ and reaches fuller freedom by approaching the Individual who is most free—God. In one word, life is an endeavour for freedom.

'2 THE EGO AND CONTINUATION OF PERSONALITY

"In man the centre of life becomes an Ego or Person. Personality is a state of tension and can continue only if that state is maintained. If the state of tension is not maintained, relaxation will ensue. Since personality, or the state of tension, is the most valuable achievement of man, he should see that he does not revert to a state of relaxation. That which

¹ According to the Tradition, "The true Faith is between predestination and freewill."

tends to maintain the state of tension tends to make us immortal. Thus the idea of personality gives us a standard of value: it settles the problem of good and evil. That which fortifies personality is good, that which weakens it is bad. Art,¹ religion, and ethics² must be judged from the standpoint of personality. My criticism of Plato³ is directed against those philosophical systems which hold up death rather than life as their ideal—systems which ignore the greatest obstruction to

¹ Transl. 1. 673 foll. In a note on "Our Prophet's criticism of contemporary Arabian poetry" (*The New Era*, 1916, p. 251) Iqbal writes. "The ultimate end of all human activity is Life—glorious, powerful, exuberant. All human art must be subordinated to this final purpose, and the value of everything must be determined in reference to its life-yielding capacity. The highest art is that which awakens our dormant will-force and nerves us to face the trials of life manfully. All that brings drowsiness and makes us shut our eyes to Reality around, on the mastery of which alone Life depends, is a message of decay and death. There should be no opium-eating in Art. The dogma of Art for the sake of Art is a clever invention of decadence to cheat us out of life and power."

² *Ibid* 1. 537 foll.

³ *Ibid* 1. 631 foll.

life, namely, matter, and teach us to run away from it instead of absorbing it.

“As in connexion with the question of the freedom of the Ego we have to face the problem of matter, similarly in connexion with its immortality we have to face the problem of time.¹ Bergson has taught us that time is not an infinite line (in the spatial sense of the word ‘line’) through which we must pass whether we wish it or not. This idea of time is adulterated. Pure time has no length. Personal immortality is an aspiration: you can have it if you make an effort to achieve it. It depends on our adopting in this life modes of thought and activity which tend to maintain the state of tension. Buddhism, Persian Sufism and allied forms of ethics will not serve our purpose. But they are not wholly useless,

¹ *Ibid.* 1. 1531 foll.

because after periods of great activity we need opiates, narcotics, for some time. These forms of thought and action are like nights in the days of life. Thus, if our activity is directed towards the maintenance of a state of tension, the shock of death is not likely to affect it. After death there may be an interval of relaxation, as the Koran speaks of a *barsakh*, or intermediate state, which lasts until the Day of Resurrection.¹ Only those Egos will survive this state of relaxation who have taken good care during the present life. Although life abhors repetition in its evolution, yet on Bergson's principles the resurrection of the body too, as Wildon Carr says, is quite possible. By breaking up time into moments we spatialise it and then find difficulty in getting over it. The true nature of time is reached

¹ Koran, ch. 23, v. 102

when we look into our deeper self.¹ Real time is life itself, which can preserve itself by maintaining that particular state of tension (personality) which it has so far achieved. We are subject to time so long as we look upon time as something spatial. Spatialised time is a fetter which life has forged for itself in order to assimilate the present environment. In reality we are timeless, and it is possible to realise our timelessness even in this life. This revelation, however, can be momentary only.

3. THE EDUCATION OF THE EGO

"The Ego is fortified by love (*ishq*).² This word is used in a very wide sense and means the desire to assimilate, to absorb. Its highest form is the creation of values and ideals and the endeavour to realise them.

¹ Transl. I. 1549 foll.

² *Ibid.* I. 323 foll.

Love individualises the lover as well as the beloved. The effort to realise the most unique individuality individualises the seeker and implies the individuality of the sought, for nothing else would satisfy the nature of the seeker. As love fortifies the Ego, asking (*su'al*) weakens it.¹ All that is achieved without personal effort comes under *su'al*. The son of a rich man who inherits his father's wealth is an 'asker' (beggar); so is every one who thinks the thoughts of others. Thus, in order to fortify the Ego we should cultivate love, *i.e.* the power of assimilative action, and avoid all forms of 'asking,' *i.e.* inaction. The lesson of assimilative action is given by the life of the Prophet, at least to a Mohammedan.

"In another part of the poem² I have hinted at the general principles of Moslem ethics and have tried to

¹ *Ibid.* I. 435 foll.

² *Ibid.* I. 815 foll.

reveal their meaning in connexion with the idea of personality. The Ego in its movement towards uniqueness has to pass through three stages:

(a) Obedience to the Law.

(b) Self-control, which is the highest form of self-consciousness or Ego-hood.¹

(c) Divine Vicegerency.²

"This (divine vicegerency, *niyabat -i-ilahi*) is the third and last stage of human development on earth. The *na'ib* (vicegerent) is the vicegerent of God on earth. He is the completest Ego, the goal of humanity,³ the acme of life both in mind and body; in him the discord of our mental life becomes a harmony. The highest power is united in him with the highest knowledge. In his life, thought and action,

¹ *Ibid.* l. 849 foll.

² *Ibid.* l. 893 foll.

³ Man already possesses the germ of vicegerency, as God says in the Koran (ch. 2, v. 28): "Lo, I will appoint a *khalifa* (vicegerent) on the earth." Cf. Transl. l. 434.

instinct and reason, become one. He is the last fruit of the tree of humanity, and all the trials of a painful evolution are justified because he is to come at the end. He is the real ruler of mankind; his kingdom is the kingdom of God on earth. Out of the richness of his nature he lavishes the wealth of life on others, and brings them nearer and nearer to himself. The more we advance in evolution, the nearer we get to him. In approaching him we are raising ourselves in the scale of life. The development of humanity both in mind and body is a condition precedent to his birth. For the present he is a mere ideal; but the evolution of humanity is tending towards the production of an ideal race of more or less unique individuals who will become his fitting parents. Thus the Kingdom of God on earth means the democracy of more or less unique individuals, presided over by the most

unique individual possible on this earth. Nietzsche had a glimpse of this ideal race, but his atheism and aristocratic prejudices marred his whole conception."¹

Every one, I suppose, will acknowledge that the substance of the *Asrar-i-Khudi* is striking enough to command attention. In the poem, naturally, this philosophy presents itself under a different aspect. Its audacity of thought and phrase is less apparent, its logical brilliancy dissolves in the glow of feeling and imagination, and it wins the heart before taking posses-

¹ Writing of "Muslim Democracy" in *The New Era*, 1916, p. 251, Iqbal says: "The Democracy of Europe—fear overshadowed by socialistic agitation and anarchical—originated mainly in the economic regeneration of European societies. Nietzsche, however, abhors this 'rule of the herd' and, hopeless of the plebeian, he bases all higher culture on the cultivation and growth of an Aristocracy of Supermen. But is the plebeian so absolutely hopeless? The Democracy of Islam did not grow out of the extension of economic opportunity; it is a spiritual principle based on the assumption that every human being is a centre of latent power, the possibilities of which can be developed by cultivating a certain type of character. Out of the plebeian material Islam has formed men of the noblest type of life and power. Is not, then, the Democracy of early Islam an experimental refutation of the ideas of Nietzsche?"

sion of the mind. The artistic quality of the poem is remarkable when we consider that its language is not the author's own. I have done my best to preserve as much of this as a literal prose translation would allow. Many passages of the original are poetry of the kind that, once read, is not easily forgotten, *e.g.* the description of the Ideal Man as a deliverer for whom the world is waiting, and the noble invocation which brings the book to an end. Like Jalalu'ddin Rumi, Iqbal is fond of introducing fables and apologies to relieve the argument and illustrate his meaning with more force and point than would be possible otherwise.

On its first appearance the *Asrar-i-Khudi* took by storm the younger generation of Indian Moslems. "Iqbal," wrote one of them, "has come amongst us as a Messiah and has stirred the dead with life." It re-

mains to be seen in what direction the awakened ones will march. Will they be satisfied with a glorious but distant vision of the City of God, or will they adapt the new doctrine to other ends than those which its author has in view? Notwithstanding that he explicitly denounces the idea of nationalism, his admirers are already protesting that he does not mean what he says.

How far the influence of his work may ultimately go I will not attempt to prophesy. It has been said of him that "he is a man of his age and a man in advance of his age; he is also a man in disagreement with his age." We cannot regard his ideas as typical of any section of his co-religionists. They involve a radical change in the Moslem mind, and their real importance is not to be measured by the fact that such a change is unlikely to occur within a calculable time.

PROLOGUE

WHEN the world-illuming sun rushed
upon Night like a brigand,
My weeping bedewed the face of the
rose.

My tears washed away sleep from the
eye of the narcissus,
My passion wakened the grass and
made it grow.

The Gardener tried the power of my
song, 5

He sowed my verse and reaped a
sword.

In the soil he planted only the seed of
my tears

And wove my lament with the garden,
as warp and woof.

2 SECRETS OF THE SELF

Tho' I am but a mote, the radiant sun
is mine:

10 Within my bosom are a hundred
dawns.

My dust is brighter than Jamshid's
cup,¹

It knows things that are yet unborn
in the world.

My thought hunted down and slung
from the saddle a deer

That has not yet leaped forth from the
convert of non-existence.

Fair is my garden ere yet the leaves
15 are green:

Unborn roses are hidden in the skirt
of my garment.

I struck dumb the musicians where
they were gathered together.

I smote the heart-string of the
universe,

Because the lute of my genius hath a
rare melody:

20 Even to comrades my song is strange.

¹ Jamshid, one of the mythical Persian kings,
is said to have possessed a marvellous cup in
which the whole world was displayed to him.

SECRETS OF THE SELF 3

I am born in the world as a new sun,
I have not learned the ways and
fashions of the sky:

Not yet have the stars fled before my
splendour,

Not yet is my quicksilver astir;

Untouched is the sea by my dancing
rays, 25

Untouched are the mountains by my
crimson hue.

The eye of existence is not familiar
with me;

I rise trembling, afraid to show
myself.

From the East my dawn arrived and
routed Night,

A fresh dew settled on the rose of the
world. 30

I am waiting for the votaries that rise
at dawn:

Oh, happy they who shall worship my
fire!

I have no need of the ear of To-day,
I am the voice of the poet of
To-morrow.

4 SECRETS OF THE SELF

My own age does not understand my
35 deep meanings,

My Joseph is not for this market.

I despair of my old companions,

My Sinai burns for sake of the Moses
 who is coming.

Their sea is silent, like dew,

But my dew is storm-ridden, like the
40 ocean.

My song is of another world than
 theirs:

This bell calls other travellers to take
 the road.

Many a poet was born after his death,
Opened our eyes when his own were
 closed,

And journeyed forth again from
45 nothingness,

Like roses blossoming o'er the earth
 of his grave.

Albeit caravans have passed through
 this desert,

They passed, as a camel steps, with
 little sound.

But I am a lover: loud crying is my
faith:

The clamour of Judgment Day is one
of my minions. 50

My song exceeds the range of the
chord,

Yet I do not fear that my lute will
break.

'Twere better for the waterdrop not
to know my torrent,

Whose fury should rather madden the
sea.

No river will contain my Oman:¹ 55

My flood requires whole seas to hold
it.

Unless the bud expand into a bed of
roses,

It is unworthy of my spring-cloud's
bounty.

Lightnings slumber within my soul,
I sweep over mountain and plain. 60

Wrestle with my sea, if thou art a
plain;

¹The Sea of Omán is a name given by the
Arabs to the Persian Gulf.

6 SECRETS OF THE SELF

Receive my lightning, if thou art a
Sinai

The Fountain of Life hath been given
me to drink,

I have been made an adept of the
mystery of Life

The speck of dust was vitalised by my
65 burning song

It unfolded wings and became a firefly
No one hath told the secret which I
will tell

Or threaded a pearl of thought like
mine

Come, if thou would'st know the
secret of everlasting life!

Come, if thou would'st win both earth
70 and heaven!

Heaven taught me this lore,
I cannot hide it from my comrades.

O Saki! arise and pour wine into the
cup,

Clear the vexation of Time from my
heart!

The sparkling liquor that flows from
Zemzem—¹ 75

Were a beggar to worship it, he would
become a king.

It makes thought more sober and wise,
It makes the keen eye keener,
It gives to a straw the weight of a
mountain,

And to foxes the strength of lions. 80

It causes dust to soar to the Pleiades
And a drop of water swell to the
breadth of the sea.

It turns silence into the din of Judg-
ment Day,

It makes the foot of the partridge red
with blood of the hawk.

Arise and pour pure wine into my cup, 85
Pour moonbeams into the dark night
of my thought,

¹ The holy well at Mecca

8 *SECRETS OF THE SELF*

That I may lead home the wanderer
And imbue the idle looker-on with
restless impatience;
And advance hotly on a new quest
And become known as the champion
90 of a new spirit;
And be to people of insight as the
pupil to the eye,
And sink into the ear of the world, like
a voice;
And exalt the worth of Poesy
And sprinkle the dry herbs with my
tears.¹
Inspired by the genius of the Master
95 of Rum,²
I rehearse the sealed book of secret
lore.

¹ Iqbal means to say that he will raise the value of his poetry by putting his deepest aspirations into it. The metaphor refers to the practice of herb-sellers who sprinkle water on their herbs in order to make them heavier and fetch more money.

² Jalálu'ddin Rûmî, the greatest mystical poet of Persia (A. D. 1207-1273). Most of his life was passed at Iconium in Galatia, for which reason he is generally known as "Rûmî," i.e., "the Anatolian."

His soul is the flaming furnace,
 I am but as the spark that gleams for
 a moment.
 His burning candle consumed me, the
 moth;
 His wine overwhelmed my goblet. 100
 The Master of Rum transmuted my
 earth to gold
 And set my ashes aflame.
 The grain of sand set forth from the
 desert,
 That it might win the radiance of the
 sun.
 I am a wave and I will come to rest in
 his sea, 105
 That I may make the glistening pearl
 mine own.
 I who am drunken with the wine of
 his song
 Draw life from the breath of his
 words.
 'Twas night: my heart would fain
 lament,
 The silence was filled with my cries to
 God. 110

10 **SECRETS OF THE SELF**

I was complaining of the sorrows of
the world

And bewailing the emptiness of my
cup.

At last mine eye could endure no
more,

Broken with fatigue it went to sleep.

There appeared the Master, formed in

115 the mould of Truth,

Who wrote the Koran in Persian.¹

He said, "O frenzied lover,

Take a draught of love's pure wine.

Strike the chords of thine heart and
rouse a tumultuous strain,

Dash thine head against the goblet and

120 thine eye against the lancet!

Make thy laughter the source of a
hundred sighs,

Make the hearts of men bleed with
thy tears!

How long wilt thou be silent, like a
bud?

Sell thy fragrance cheap, like the rose!

¹This refers to the famous *Masnavi* of Jalāl-
u'ddīn Rūmī.

Tongue-tied, thou art in pain: 125

Cast thyself upon the fire, like rue!¹

Like the bell, break silence at last, and
from every limb

Utter forth a lamentation!

Thou art fire: fill the world with thy
glow!

Make others burn with thy burning! 130

Proclaim the secrets of the old wine-
seller;²

Be thou a surge of wine, and the
crystal cup thy robe!

Shatter the mirror of fear,

Break the bottles in the bazaar!

Like the reed-flute, bring a message
from the reed-bed; 135

Give to Majnun a message from the
tribe of Laila!³

Create a new style for thy song,

¹ Rue-seed, which is burned for the purpose of fumigation, crackles in the fire.

² "Wine" signifies the mysteries of divine love.

³ Majnún is the Orlando Furioso of Arabia.

12 SECRETS OF THE SELF

Enrich the assembly with thy piercing
 strains!

Up, and re-inspire every living soul!
Say 'Arise!' and by that word quicken
140 the living!

Up, and set thy feet on another path;
Put aside the passionate melancholy
 of old!

Become familiar with the delight of
 singing;

O bell of the caravan, awake!"

At these words my bosom was en-
145 kindled

And swelled with emotion like the
 flute;

I rose like music from the string
To prepare a Paradise for the ear.

I unveiled the mystery of the Self
150 And disclosed its wondrous secret.

My being was as an unfinished statue,
Uncomely, worthless, good for
 nothing.

Love chiselled me: I became a man

And gained knowledge of the nature
of the universe.

I have seen the movement of the
sinews of the sky, 155

And the blood coursing in the veins of
the moon.

Many a night I wept for Man's sake
That I might tear the veil from Life's
mysteries,

And extract the secret of Life's con-
stitution

From the laboratory of phenomena. 160

I who give beauty to this night, like
the moon,

Am as dust in devotion to the pure
Faith (Islam)—

A Faith renowned in hill and dale,
Which kindles in men's hearts a flame
of undying song:

It sowed an atom and reaped a sun, 165
It harvested a hundred poets like Rumi
and Attar.

14 SECRETS OF THE SELF

I am a sigh: I will mount to the
 heavens;

I am but smoke, yet am I sprung of
 fire.

Driven onward by high thoughts, my
 pen

170 Cast abroad the secret behind this veil,
 That the drop may become co-equal
 with the sea

And the grain of sand grow into a
 Sahara.

Poetising is not the aim of this
 masnavi,

Beauty-worshipping and love-making
 is not its aim.

I am of India: Persian is not my native
175 tongue;

I am like the crescent moon: my cup
 is not full.

Do not seek from me charm of style
 in exposition,

Do not seek from me Khansar and
 Isfahan.¹

¹ Khánsár, which lies about a hundred miles north-west of Isfahan, was the birth-place of several Persian poets.

Although the language of Hind is
sweet as sugar,
Yet sweeter is the fashion of Persian
speech. 180
My mind was enchanted by its loveli-
ness,
My pen became as a twig of the Burn-
ing Bush.
Because of the loftiness of my
thoughts,
Persian alone is suitable to them.
O Reader! do not find fault with the
wine-cup, 185
But consider attentively the taste of
the wine.

I

Showing that the system of the universe originates in the Self, and that the continuation of the life of all individuals depends on strengthening the Self.

THE form of existence is an effect of
the Self,

Whatsoever thou seest is a secret of
the Self,

When the Self awoke to consciousness,

190 It revealed the universe of Thought.

A hundred words are hidden in its
essence.

Self-affirmation brings Not-self to
light.

By the Self the seed of opposition is
sown in the world.

It imagines itself to be other than
itself.

The loveliness of Shirin justifies the
anguish of Farhad,¹

One fragrant navel justifies a hundred
musk-deer.

'Tis the fate of moths to consume in
flame:

The suffering of moths is justified by
210 the candle.

The pencil of the Self limned a
hundred to-days

In order to achieve the dawn of a
single morrow.

Its flames burned a hundred
Abrahams²

That the lamp of one Mohammed
might be lighted.

215 Subject, object, means, and causes—
All these are forms which it assumes
for the purpose of action.

¹ Shirin was loved by the Persian emperor Khusrau Parwiz. Farhad fell in love with her and cast himself down a precipice on hearing a false rumour of her death.

² Abraham is said to have been cast on a burning pile by order of Nimrod and miraculously preserved from harm.

I **SECRETS OF THE SELF** 19

The Self rises, kindles, falls, glows,
breathes,

Burns, shines, walks, and flies.

The spaciousness of Time is its arena,
Heaven is a billow of the dust on its
road. 220

From its rose-planting the world
abounds in roses;

Night is born of its sleep, day springs
from its waking.

It divided its flame into sparks

And taught the understanding to
worship particulars.

It dissolved itself and created the
atoms, 225

It was scattered for a little while and
created the sands.

Then it wearied of dispersion

And by re-uniting itself it became the
mountains.

'Tis the nature of the Self to manifest
itself:

In every atom slumbers the might of
the Self. 230

Power that is expressed and inert
Chains the faculties which lead to
action.

Inasmuch as the life of the universe
comes from the power of the Self,
Life is in proportion to this power.

When a drop of water gets the Self's
235 lesson by heart,
It makes its worthless existence a pearl.
Wine is formless because its self is
weak;

It receives a form by favour of the cup.
Although the cup of wine assumes a
form,

240 It is indebted to us for its motion.
When the mountain loses its self, it
turns into sands
And complains that the sea surges
over it;
The wave, so long as it remains a wave
in the sea's bosom.¹

¹ *I.e.* so long as it remains a distinct individual.

Makes itself a rider on the sea's back.
 Light transformed itself into an eye 245
 And moved to and fro in search of
 beauty;

When the grass found a means of
 growth in its self,
 Its aspiration clove the breast of the
 garden.

The candle too concatenated itself
 And built itself out of atoms; 250
 Then it made a practice of melting
 itself away and fled from its self
 Until at last it trickled down from its
 own eye, like tears.

If the bezel had been more self-secure
 by nature,
 It would not have suffered wounds,
 But since it derives its value from the
 superscription, 255
 Its shoulder is galled by the burden of
 another's name.
 Because the earth is firmly based on
 itself,

The captive moon goes round it per-
petually.

The being of the sun is stronger than
that of the earth:

Therefore is the earth fascinated by
260 the sun's eye.

The glory of the red beech fixes our
gaze,

The mountains are enriched by its
majesty:

Its raiment is woven of fire,

Its origin is one self-assertive seed.

When Life gathers strength from the
265 Self,

The river of Life expands into an
ocean.

II

*Showing that the life of the Self
comes from forming ideals and bringing
them to birth.*

LIFE is preserved by purpose:
Because of the goal its caravan-bell
tinkles.

Life is latent in seeking,
Its origin is hidden in desire. 270

Keep desire alive in thy heart,
Lest thy little dust become a tomb.
Desire is the soul of this world of hue
and scent,

The nature of everything is a store-
house of desire.

Desire sets the heart dancing in the
breast, 275

And by its glow the breast is made
bright as a mirror.

It gives to earth the power of soaring.
It is a Khizr to the Moses of perception.¹

From the flame of desire the heart
takes life,

And when it takes life, all dies that is
280 not true.

When it refrains from forming desires,
Its pinion breaks and it cannot soar.
Desire keeps the Self in perpetual
uproar

It is a restless wave of the Self's sea.
285 Desire is a noose for hunting ideals,
A binder of the book of deeds.

Negation of desire is death to the
living,

Even as absence of heat extinguishes
the flame.

What is the source of our wakeful
eye?

¹ Cf. Koran, ch. 18, vv. 64-80. Khizr represents the mystic seer whose actions are misjudged by persons of less insight.

Our delight in seeing hath taken
visible shape. 290

The partridge's leg is derived from the
elegance of its gait,

The nightingale's beak from its en-
deavour to sing.

Away from the reed-bed, the reed
became happy:

The music was released from its
prison.¹

What is the essence of the mind that
strives after new discoveries and
scales the heavens? 295

Knowest thou what works this
miracle?

'Tis desire that enriches Life,
And the mind is a child of its womb.
What are social organisation, customs,
and laws?

What is the secret of the novelties of
science? 300

A desire which realised itself by its
own strength

¹*i.e.* the reed was made into a flute.

And burst forth from the heart and
took shape.

Nose, hand, brain, eye, and ear,
Thought, imagination, feeling,
memory, and understanding—

All these are weapons devised by Life
305 for self-preservation

In its ceaseless struggle.

The object of science and art is not
knowledge,

The object of the garden is not the bud
and the flower.

Science is an instrument for the pre-
servation of Life,

Science is a means of invigorating the
310 Self.

Science and art are servants of Life,

Slaves born and bred in its house.

Rise, O thou who art strange to Life's
mystery,

Rise intoxicated with the wine of
an ideal,

315 An ideal shining as the dawn,

II SECRETS OF THE SELF 27

A blazing fire to all that is other than
 God,
An ideal higher than Heaven—
Winning, captivating, enchanting
 men's hearts;
A destroyer of ancient falsehood,
Fraught with turmoil, an embodiment
 of the Last Day. 320
We live by forming ideals,
We glow with the sunbeams of desire!

III

*Showing that the Self is strengthened
by Love.¹*

THE luminous point whose name is
the Self
Is the life-spark beneath our dust.
325 By Love it is made more lasting,
More living, more burning, more
glowing.
From Love proceeds the radiance of
its being
And the development of its unknown
possibilities.
Its nature gathers fire from Love,
330 Love instructs it to illumine the world.

¹For the sense which Iqbal attaches to the word "love," see the Introduction, p. xxv.

Love fears neither sword nor dagger,
Love is not born of water and air and
earth.

Love makes peace and war in the
world,

Love is the Fountain of Life, Love is
the flashing sword of Death.

The hardest rocks are shivered by
Love's glance: 335

Love of God at last becomes wholly
God.

Learn thou to love, and seek a beloved:
Seek an eye like Noah's, a heart like
Job's!

Transmute thy handful of earth into
gold,

Kiss the threshold of a Perfect Man!¹ 340
Like Rumi, light thy candle

And burn Rum in the fire of Tabriz!²

¹ A prophet or saint.

² See note on line 95. Tabriz is an allusion to Shams-i-Tabriz, the spiritual director of Jalâl-u'd-dîn Rûmî.

There is a beloved hidden within thine
heart:

I will show him to thee, if thou hast
eyes to see.

345 His lovers are fairer than the fair,
Sweeter and comelier and more
beloved.

By love of him the heart is made
strong

And earth rubs shoulders with the
Pleiades.

The soil of Najd was quickened by his
grace

And fell into a rapture and rose to
350 the skies.¹

In the Moslem's heart is the home of
Mohammed,

All our glory is from the name of
Mohammed.

Sinai is but an eddy of the dust of his
house,

His dwelling-place is a sanctuary to
the Ka'ba itself.

¹ Najd, the Highlands of Arabia, is celebrated in
love-romance. I need only mention Lailá and
Majná.

Eternity is less than a moment of his
time, 355

Eternity receives increase from his
essence.

He slept on a mat of rushes,
But the crown of Chosroes was under
his people's feet.

He chose the nightly solitude of
Mount Hira,

And he founded a state and laws and
government. 360

He passed many a night with sleepless
eyes

In order that the Moslems might sleep
on the throne of Persia.

In the hour of battle, iron was melted
by the flash of his sword;

In the hour of prayer, tears fell like
rain from his eye.

When he prayed for Divine help, his
sword answered "Amen" 365

And extirpated the race of kings.
He instituted new laws in the world,

He brought the empires of antiquity
to an end.

With the key of religion he opened
the door of this world:

The womb of the world never bore his
370 like.

In his sight high and low were one,
He sat with his slave at one table.

The daughter of the chieftain of Tai
was taken prisoner in battle¹

And brought into that exalted
presence;

375 Her feet in chains, unveiled,

And her neck bowed with shame.

When the Prophet saw that the poor
girl had no veil,

He covered her face with his own
mantle.

We are more naked than that lady of
Tai,

We are unveiled before the nations of
380 the world.

¹ Her father, Hâtim of Tai, is proverbial in the East for his hospitality.

III SECRETS OF THE SELF 33

In him is our trust on the Day of
Judgment,

And in this world too he is our pro-
tector.

Both his favour and his wrath are
entirely a mercy:

That is a mercy to his friends and this
to his foes.

He opened the gates of mercy to his
enemies, 385

He gave to Mecca the message, "No
penalty shall be laid upon you."

We who know not the bonds of
country

Resemble sight, which is one though it
be the light of two eyes.

We belong to the Hijaz and China
and Persia,

Yet we are the dew of one smiling
dawn. 390

We are all under the spell of the eye
of the cupbearer from Mecca,

We are united as wine and cup.

He burnt clean away distinctions of
lineage,

His fire consumed this trash and
rubble.

We are like a rose with many petals
395 but with one perfume:

He is the soul of this society, and he
is one.

We were the secret concealed in his
heart:

He spake out fearlessly, and we were
revealed.

The song of love for him fills my silent
reed,

400 A hundred notes throb in my bosom.
How shall I tell what devotion he
inspires?

A block of dry wood wept at parting
from him.¹

The Moslem's being is where he
manifests his glory: .

¹The story of the pulpit that wept when
Mohammed descended from it occurs, I think, in
the *Masnavi*.

Many a Sinai springs from the dust on
his path.

My image was created by his mirror, 405
My dawn rises from the sun of his
breast.

My repose is a perpetual fever,
My evening hotter than the morning
of Judgment Day:¹

He is the April cloud and I his garden,
My vine is bedewed with his rain. 410

I sowed mine eye in the field of Love
And reaped a harvest of vision.

"The soil of Medina is sweeter than
both worlds:

Oh, happy the town where dwells the
Beloved!"²

I am lost in admiration of the style of
Mulla Jami: 415

His verse and prose are a remedy for
my immaturity.

¹ When, according to Mohammedan belief, the sun will rise in the west.

² A quotation from the *Masnawi*. The Prophet was buried at Medina.

He has written poetry overflowing
 with beautiful ideas
 And has threaded pearls in praise of
 the Master—

“Mohammed is the preface to the
 book of the universe.”

All the worlds are slaves and he is the
 420 Master.”

From the wine of Love spring many
 spiritual qualities:

Amongst the attributes of Love is
 blind devotion.

The saint of Bistam, who in devotion
 was unique,

Abstained from eating a water-
 melon¹

Be a lover constant in devotion to thy
 425 beloved,

That thou mayst cast thy nose and
 capture God.

¹ Báyazid of Bistám died in A.D. 875. He refused to eat a water-melon, saying he had no assurance that the Prophet had ever tasted that fruit.

Sojourn for a while on the Hira of the
heart,¹

Abandon self and flee to God.

Strengthened by God, return to thy
self -

And break the heads of the Lat and
Uzza of sensuality.² 430

By the might of Love evoke an army,
Reveal thyself on the Faran of Love,³
That the Lord of the Ka'ba may show
thee favour

And make thee the object of the text,
"Lo, I will appoint a vicegerent
on the earth."⁴

¹ Mohammed used to retire to a cave on Mount Hirá, near Mecca, for the purpose of solitary meditation

² Lát and Uzza were goddesses worshipped by the heathen Arabs.

³ Fârán, name of a mountain in the neighbourhood of Mecca.

⁴ Koran, ch 2, v 28 In these words, which were addressed to the angels, God foretold the creation of Adam

IV

Showing that the Self is weakened by asking.

O THOU who hast gathered taxes
435 from lions,

Thy need hath caused thee to become
a fox in disposition.

Thy maladies are the result of indigence:

This disease is the source of thy pain.
It is robbing thine high thoughts of
their dignity

And putting out the light of thy noble
440 imagination.

Quaff rosy wine from the jar of
existence!

Snatch thy money from the purse of
Time!

Like Omar, come down from thy
camel!¹

Beware of incurring obligations,
beware!

How long wilt thou sue for office 445

And ride like children on a reed?

A nature that fixes its gaze on the
sky

Becomes debased by receiving
benefits.

By asking, poverty is made more
abject;

By begging, the beggar is made
poorer, 450

Asking disintegrates the Self

And deprives of illumination the
Sinai-bush of the Self.

Do not scatter thy handful of dust;

Like the moon, scrape food from thine
own side!

Albeit thou art poor and wretched 455

¹ This alludes to a story told of the Caliph Omar, who while riding a camel dropped his whip and insisted on dismounting in order to pick it up himself.

And overwhelmed by affliction,
Seek not thy daily bread from the
bounty of another,

Seek not water from the fountain of
the sun,

Lest thou be put to shame before the
Prophet

On the Day when every soul shall be
460 stricken with fear.

The moon gets sustenance from the
table of the sun

And bears the brand of his bounty on
her heart.

Pray God for courage! Wrestle with
Fortune!

Do not sully the honour of the pure
religion!

He who swept the rubbish of idols out
465 of the Ka'ba

Said that God loves a man that earns
his living.

Woe to him that accepts bounty from
another's table

And lets his neck be bent with
benefits!

He hath consumed himself with the
lightning of the favours bestowed
on him,

He hath sold his honour for a paltry
coin, 470

Happy the man who thirsting in the
sun

Does not crave of Khizr a cup of
water!¹

His brow is not moist with the shame
of beggary;

He is a man still, not a piece of clay.
That noble youth walks under heaven 475
With his head erect like the pine.

Are his hands empty? The more is he
master of himself.

Do his fortunes languish? The more
alert is he.

A whole ocean, if gained by begging,
is but a sea of fire;

¹ Khizr is supposed to have drunk of the Fountain of Life.

Sweet is a little dew gathered by
480 one's own hand.

Be a man of honour, and like the
bubble

Keep thy cup inverted even in the
midst of the sea!¹

¹ The bubble is compared to an inverted cup,
which of course receives nothing.

V

*Showing that when the Self is
strengthened by Love it gains
dominion over the outward and inward
forces of the universe.*

WHEN the Self is made strong by
Love

Its power rules the whole world.

The Heavenly Sage who adorned the
sky with stars 485

Plucked these buds from the bough of
the Self.

Its hand becomes God's hand,

The moon is split by its fingers.¹

It is the arbitrator in all the quarrels
of the world,

¹ Alluding to a well-known miracle of the Prophet (Koran, ch. 54, v 1)

Its command is obeyed by Darius and
490 Jamshid.

I will tell thee a story of Bu Ali,¹
Whose name is renowned in India,
Him who sang of the ancient rose-
garden

And discoursed to us about the lovely
rose :

495 The air of his fluttering skirt
Made a Paradise of this fire-born
country.

His young disciple went one day to
the bazaar—

The wine of Bu Ali's discourse had
turned his head.

The governor of the city was coming
along on horseback,

His servant and staff-bearer rode
500 beside him.

The forerunner shouted, "O senseless
one,

¹ Sheikh Sharafu'ddīn of Pānīpat, who is better known as Bū Ali Qalandar, was a great saint. He died about A.D. 1325.

Do not get in the way of the governor's escort!"

But the dervish walked on with drooping head,

**Sunk in the sea of his own thoughts.
The staff-bearer, drunken with pride, 505
Broke his staff on the head of the dervish.**

Who stepped painfully out of the governor's way,

**Sad and sorry, with a heavy heart.
He came to Bu Ali and complained
And released the tears from his eyes. 510
Like lightning that falls on mountains,
The Sheikh poured forth a fiery
torrent of speech.**

He let loose from his soul a strange fire,

**He gave an order to his secretary:
"Take thy pen and write a letter 515
From a dervish to a sultan!
Say, 'Thy governor has broken my
servant's head;**

He has cast burning coals on his own
life.

Arrest this wicked governor,
Or else I will bestow thy kingdom on
520 another.' "

The letter of the saint who had access
to God

Caused the monarch to tremble in
every limb.

His body was filled with aches,
He grew as pale as the evening sun.
He sought out a handcuff for the
525 governor

And entreated Bu Ali to pardon this
offence.

Khusrau, the sweet-voiced eloquent
poet,¹

Whose harmonies flow from the
creative mind

And whose genius hath the soft brilli-
ance of moonlight,

¹ Amir Khusrau of Delhi, the most celebrated
of the Persian poets of India.

v SECRETS OF THE SELF 47

Was chosen to be the king's
ambassador. 530

When he entered Bu Ali's presence
and played his lute,

His song melted the fakir's soul like
glass.

One strain of poesy bought the grace
Of a kingdom that was firm as a
mountain.

Do not wound the hearts of dervishes, 535

Do not throw thyself into burning fire!

VI

*A tale of which the moral is that
negation of the Self is a doctrine in-
vented by the subject races of mankind
in order that by this means they may
sap and weaken the character of their
rulers.*

HAST thou heard that in the time of
old

The sheep dwelling in a certain pasture
So increased and multiplied

540 That they feared no enemy?

At last, from the malice of Fate,
Their breasts were smitten by a shaft
of calamity.

The tigers sprang forth from the jungle
And rushed upon the sheepfold.

Conquest and dominion are signs of
strength, 545

Victory is the manifestation of
strength.

Those fierce tigers beat the drum of
sovereignty,

They deprived the sheep of freedom.
Forasmuch as tigers must have their
prey,

That meadow was crimsoned with the
blood of the sheep. 550

One of the sheep which was clever and
acute,

Old in years, cunning as a weather-
beaten wolf,

Being grieved at the fate of his fellows
And sorely vexed by the violence of
the tigers,

Made complaint of the course of
Destiny 555

And sought by craft to restore the
fortunes of his race.

The weak, in order to preserve them-
selves,

Seek devices from skilled intelligence.
In slavery, for the sake of repelling
harm.

The power of scheming becomes
560 quickened,

And when the madness of revenge
gains hold,

The mind of the slave meditates re-
bellion.

"Ours is a hard knot," said this sheep
to himself,

"The ocean of our griefs hath no
shore.

By force we sheep cannot escape from
565 the tiger:

Our legs are silver, his paws are steel.

'Tis not possible, however much one
exhorts and counsels,

To create in a sheep the disposition of
a wolf.

But to make the furious tiger a sheep
—that is possible;

To make him unmindful of his nature
570 —that is possible."

He became as a prophet inspired,
And began to preach to the blood-
thirsty tigers.

He cried out, "O ye insolent liars,
Who wot not of a day of ill luck that
shall continue for ever!"

I am possessed of spiritual power, 575
I am an apostle sent by God for the
tigers.

I come as a light for the eye that is
dark,

I come to establish laws and give
commandments.

Repent of your blameworthy deeds!
O plotters of evil, bethink yourselves
of good! 580

Whoso is violent and strong is miser-
able:

Life's solidity depends on self-denial.
The spirit of the righteous is fed by
fodder:

The vegetarian is pleasing unto God.

¹ These expressions are borrowed from the
Koran.

The sharpness of your teeth brings
585 disgrace upon you
And makes the eye of your perception
blind.

Paradise is for the weak alone,
Strength is but a means to perdition.
It is wicked to seek greatness and
glory,

590 Penury is sweeter than princedom.
Lightning does not threaten the corn-
seed:

If the seed become a stack, it is
unwise.

If you are sensible, you will be a mote
of sand, not a Sahara,

So that you may enjoy the sunbeams.
O thou that delightest in the slaughter
595 of sheep,

Slay thy self, and thou wilt have
honour!

Life is rendered unstable
By violence, oppression, revenge, and
exercise of power.

Though trodden underfoot, the grass
grows up time after time
And washes the sleep of death from its
eye again and again. 600

Forget thy self, if thou art wise!
If thou dost not forget thy self, thou
art mad.

Close thine eyes, close thine ears, close
thy lips,¹

That thy thought may reach the lofty
sky!

This pasturage of the world is naught,
naught: 605

O fool, do not torment thyself for a
phantom!"

The tiger-tribe was exhausted by hard
struggles,

They had set their hearts on enjoy-
ment of luxury.

This soporific advice pleased them,
In their stupidity they swallowed the
charm of the sheep. 610

¹ Quoted from the *Mahabharat*.

He that used to make sheep his prey
 Now embraced a sheep's religion.
 The tigers took kindly to a diet of
 fodder:

At length their tigerish nature was
 broken.

615 The fodder blunted their teeth

And put out the awful flashings of
 their eyes.

By degrees courage ebbed from their
 breasts,

The sheen departed from the mirror.

That frenzy of uttermost exertion re-
 mained not,

That craving after action dwelt in
 620 their hearts no more.

They lost the power of ruling and the
 resolution to be independent,

They lost reputation, prestige, and
 fortune.

Their paws that were as iron became
 strengthless;

Their souls died and their bodies
became tombs.

Bodily strength diminished while
spiritual fear increased: 625

Spiritual fear robbed them of courage.

Lack of courage produced a hundred
diseases—

Poverty, pusillanimity, lowminded-
ness.

The wakeful tiger was lulled to
slumber by the sheep's charm:

He called his decline Moral Culture. 630

VII

To the effect that Plato, whose thought has deeply influenced the mysticism and literature of Islam, followed the sheep's doctrine, and that we must be on our guard against his theories.¹

PLATO, the prime ascetic and sage,
Was one of that ancient flock of sheep.

¹ The direct influence of Platonism on Moslem thought has been comparatively slight. When the Moslems began to study Greek philosophy, they turned to Aristotle. The genuine writings of Aristotle, however, were not accessible to them. They studied translations of books passing under his name, which were the work of Neoplatonists, so that what they believed to be Aristotelean doctrine was in fact the philosophy of Plotinus, Proclus, and the later Neoplatonic school. Indirectly, therefore, Plato has profoundly influenced the intellectual and spiritual development of Islam and may be called, if not the father of Mohammedan mysticism, at any rate its presiding genius.

**His Pegasus went astray in the dark-
ness of idealism**

**And dropped its shoe amidst the rocks
of actuality.**

**He was so fascinated by the invisible 635
That he made hand, eye, and ear of no
account.**

**"To die," said he, "is the secret of
Life:**

**The candle is glorified by being put
out."**

**He dominates our thinking,
His cup sends us to sleep and takes the
sensible world away from us. 640**

**He is a sheep in man's clothing,
The soul of the Sufi bows to his
authority.**

**He soared with his intellect to the
highest heaven**

**And called the world of phenomena a
myth.**

**'Twas his work to dissolve the
structure of Life 645**

And cut the bough of Life's fair tree
asunder.

The thought of Plato regarded loss as
profit,

His philosophy declared that being is
not-being.

His natures drowsed and created a
dream,

650 His mind's eye created a mirage.

Since he was without any taste for
action,

His soul was enraptured by the non-
existent.

He disbelieved in the material universe
And became the creator of invisible
Ideas.

Sweet is the world of phenomena to
655 the living spirit,

Dear is the world of Ideas to the dead
spirit:

Its gazelles have no grace of move-
ment,

Its partridges are denied the pleasure
of walking daintily.

Its dewdrops are unable to quiver,
 Its birds have no breath in their
 breasts, 660

Its seed does not desire to grow,
 Its moths do not know how to flutter.
 Our recluse had no remedy but flight:
 He could not endure the noise of this
 world.

He set his heart on the glow of a
 quenched flame 665

And depicted a world steeped in
 opium.

He spread his wings towards the sky
 And never came down to his nest
 again.

His phantasy is sunk in the jar of
 heaven:

I know not whether it is the dregs or
 the brick of the wine-jar.¹ 670

The peoples were poisoned by his
 intoxication:

He slumbered and took no delight in
 deeds.

¹*I.e.* it is worthless anyhow. In the East a brick is placed beneath or over the wine-jar. Some Moslem writers confuse Plato with Diogenes the Cynic, who is said to have lived in a cask.

VIII

*Concerning the true nature of
Poetry and reform of Islamic Literature.*

'TIS the brand of desire makes the
blood of man run warm,
By the lamp of desire this dust is
enkindled.

675 By desire Life's cup is brimmed with
wine,

So that Life leaps to its feet and
marches briskly on.

Life is occupied with conquest alone,
And the one charm for conquest is
desire.

♥ Life is the hunter and desire the snare,
680 Desire is Love's message to Beauty.
Wherefore doth desire swell continu-
ously

**The bass and treble of Life's song?
Whatsoever is good and fair and
beautiful**

Is our guide in the wilderness of seeking.

Its image becomes impressed on thine
heart, 685

It creates desires in thine heart.

Beauty is the creator of desire's
springtide,

Desire is nourished by the display of
Beauty.

'Tis in the poet's breast that Beauty
unveils.

'Tis from his Sinai that Beauty's
beams arise. 690

By his look the fair is made fairer,
Through his enchantments Nature is
more beloved.

From his lips the nightingale hath
learned her song,

And his rouge hath brightened the
cheek of the rose.

'Tis his passion burns in the heart of
695 the moth,

'Tis he that lends glowing hues to
love-tales.

Sea and land are hidden within his
water and clay,¹

A hundred new worlds are concealed
in his heart.

Ere tulips blossomed in his brain
There was heard no note of joy or
700 grief.

His music breathes o'er us a wonderful
enchantment,

His pen draws a mountain with a
single hair.

His thoughts dwell with the moon and
the stars,

He creates beauty and knows not
what is ugly.

He is a Khizr, and amidst his darkness
705 is the Fountain of Life:²

¹ I.e. in his body.

² Khizr, according to the legend, discovered
the Fountain of Life in the Land of Darkness.

All things that exist are made more
living by his tears.

Heavily we go, like raw novices,

Stumbling on the way to the goal.

His nightingale hath played a tune

And laid a plot to beguile us, 710

That he may lead us into Life's
Paradise,

And that Life's bow may become a
full circle.

Caravans march at the sound of his
bell

And follow the voice of his pipe;

When his zephyr blows in our garden, 715

It slowly steals into the tulips and
roses.

His witchery makes Life develop itself

And become self-questioning and im-
patient.

He invites the whole world to his
table;

He lavishes his fire as though it were
cheap as air. 720

Woe to a people that resigns itself to
death,

And whose poet turns away from the
joy of living!

His mirror shows beauty as ugliness,
His honey leaves a hundred stings in
the heart.

725 His kiss robs the rose of freshness,
He takes away from the nightingale's
heart the joy of flying.

Thy sinews are relaxed by his opium,
Thou payest for his song with thy
life.

He bereaves the cypress of delight in
its beauty.

His cold breath makes a pheasant of
730 the male falcon.

He is a fish, and from the breast
upward a man,

Like the Sirens in the ocean.

With his song he enchants the pilot
And casts the ship to the bottom of
the sea.

His melodies steal firmness from thine
735 heart,

His magic persuades thee that death is
life.

He takes from thy soul the desire of
existence,

He extracts from thy mine the blush-
ing ruby.

He dresses gain in the garb of loss,

He makes everything praiseworthy
blameful. 740

He plunges thee in a sea of thought
And makes thee a stranger to action.

He is sick, and by his words our sick-
ness is increased:

The more his cup goes round, the more
sick are they that quaff it.

There are no lightning-rains in his
April, 745

His garden is a mirage of colour and
perfume.

His beauty hath no dealings with
Truth,

There are none but flawed pearls in his
sea.

Slumber he deemed sweeter than
waking:

750 Our fire was quenched by his breath.

By the chant of his nightingale the
heart was poisoned:

Under his heap of roses lurked a snake.

Beware of his decanter and cup!

Beware of his sparkling wine!

755 O thou whom his wine hath laid low

And who look'st to his glass for thy
rising dawn,

O thou whose heart hath been chilled
by his melodies,

Thou hast drunk deadly poison
through the ear!

Thy way of life is a proof of thy
degeneracy,

The strings of thine instrument are
760 out of tune.

'Tis pampered ease hath made thee so
wretched,

A disgrace to Islam throughout the
world.

One can bind thee with the vein of a
rose,

One can wound thee with a zephyr.
 Love hath been put to shame by thy
 wailing, 765

His fair picture hath been fouled by
 thy brush.

Thy illness hath paled his cheek,
 Thy coldness hath taken the glow
 from his fire.

He is heartsick from thy heartsick-
 nesses,

And enfeebled by thy feeblenesses. 770

His cup is full of childish tears,
 His house is furnished with distressful
 sighs.¹

He is a drunkard begging at tavern-
 doors.

Stealing glimpses of beauty from
 lattices,

Unhappy, melancholy, injured, 775
 Kicked well-nigh to death by the
 warder;

¹ In this passage the author assails the Persian and Urdu poetry so much in favour with his contemporaries.

Wasted like a reed by sorrows,
On his lips a store of complaints
 against Heaven.

Flattery and spite are the mettle of his
 mirror,

780 Helplessness his comrade of old;
A miserable base-born underling
Without worth or hope or object,
Whose lamentations have sucked the
 marrow from thy soul
And driven off gentle sleep from thy
 neighbours' eyes.

785 Alas for a love whose fire is extinct,
A love that was born in the Holy
 Place and died in the house of
 idols!

Oh, if thou hast the coin of poesy in
 thy purse,

Rub it on the touchstone of Life!

Clear-seeing thought shows the way
 to action,

As the lightning-flash precedes the
790 thunder.

It behoves thee to meditate well concerning literature,

It behoves thee to go back to Arabia:

Thou must needs give thine heart to the Salma of Araby,¹

That the morn of the Hijaz may blossom from the night of Kurdistan.²

Thou hast gathered roses from the garden of Persia

795

¹ Arabic odes usually begin with a prelude in which the poet makes mention of his beloved; and her name is often Salmá. Here "the Salmá of Araby" refers to purely Moslem ideals in literature and religion.

² It is related that an ignorant Kurd came to some students and besought them to instruct him in the mysteries of Súfism. They told him that he must fasten a rope to the roof of his house, then tie the loose end to his feet and suspend himself, head downwards; and that he must remain in this posture as long as possible, reciting continually some words of gibberish which they taught him. The poor man did not perceive that he was being mocked. He followed their instructions and passed the whole night repeating the words given him. God rewarded his faith and sincerity by granting him illumination, so that he became a saint and could discourse learnedly on the most abstruse matters of mystical theology. Afterwards he used to say, "In the evening I was a Kurd, but the next morning I was an Arab."

And seen the springtide of India and
Iran:

Now taste a little of the heat of the
desert,

Drink the old wine of the date!

Lay thine head for once on its hot
breast,

Yield thy body awhile to its scorching
800 wind!

For a long time thou hast turned about
on a bed of silk:

Now accustom thyself to rough
cotton!

For generations thou hast danced on
tulips

And bathed thy cheek in dew, like the
rose:

805 Now throw thyself on the burning
sand

And plunge into the fountain of
Zemzem!

How long wilt thou fain lament like
the nightingale?

How long make thine abode in
gardens?

O thou whose auspicious snare would

do honour to the Phoenix,
Build a nest on the high mountains, 810
A nest embosomed in lightning and
thunder,
Loftier than eagle's eyrie,
That thou mayst be fit for Life's battle,
That thy body and soul may burn in
Life's fire!

IX

Showing that the education of the Self has three stages: Obedience, Self-control, and Divine Vicegerency.

I. OBEDIENCE

815 **SERVICE** and toil are traits of the camel,

Patience and perseverance are ways of the camel.

Noiselessly he steps along the sandy track,

He is the ship of those who voyage in the desert.

Every thicket knows the print of his foot:

He eats seldom, sleeps little, and is
820 inured to toil.

He carries rider, baggage, and litter;
 He trots on and on to the journey's
 end,
 Rejoicing in his speed,
 More patient in travel than his rider.
 Thou, too, do not refuse the burden of
 Duty: 825
 So wilt thou enjoy the best dwelling-
 place, which is with God.
 Endeavour to obey, O heedless one!
 Liberty is the fruit of compulsion.
 By obedience the man of no worth is
 made worthy;
 By disobedience his fire is turned to
 ashes. 830
 Whoso would master the sun and
 stars,
 Let him make himself a prisoner of
 Law!
 The air becomes fragrant when it is
 imprisoned in the flower-bud;
 The perfume becomes musk when it is
 confined in the navel of the
 musk-deer.
 The star moves towards its goal 835
 With head bowed in surrender to a
 law.

The grass springs up in obedience to
the law of growth:

When it abandons that, it is trodden
underfoot.

To burn unceasingly is the law of the
tulip.

840 And so the blood leaps in its veins.

Drops of water become a sea by the
law of union,

And grains of sand become a Sahara.

Since Law makes everything strong
within,

Why dost thou neglect this source of
strength?

O thou that art emancipated from the

845 old Custom,¹

Adorn thy feet once more with the
same fine silver chain!

Do not complain of the hardness of
the Law,

Do not transgress the statutes of
Mohammed!

¹ The religious law of Islam.

2. SELF-CONTROL

Thy soul cares only for itself, like the
camel:

It is Self-conceited, self-governed, and
self-willed. 850

Be a man, get its halter into thine
hand,

That thou mayst become a pearl albeit
thou art a potter's vessel.

He that does not command himself
Becomes a receiver of commands from
others.

When they moulded thee of clay, 855
Love and fear were mingled in thy
making:

Fear of this world and of the world to
come, fear of death,

Fear of all the pains of earth and
heaven;

Love of riches and power, love of
country,

Love of self and kindred and wife. 860

Man, in whom clay is mixed with
 water, is fond of ease,
 Devoted to wickedness and enamoured
 of evil.

So long as thou hold'st the staff of
 "There is no god but He,"¹

Thou wilt break every spell of fear.
 One to whom God is as the soul in his
 865 body,

His neck is not bowed before vanity.
 Fear finds no way into his bosom,
 His heart is afraid of none but Allah.
 Whoso dwells in the world of
 Negation²

Is fret from the bonds of wife and
 870 child.

He withdraws his gaze from all except
 God
 And lays the knife to the throat of his
 son.³

¹ The first article of the Mohammedan creed.

² I.e. denies every object of worship except Allah.

³ Like Abraham when he was about to sacrifice Isaac or (as Moslems generally believe) Ishmael.

Though single, he is like a host in
onset:

Life is cheaper in his eyes than wind.
The profession of Faith is the shell,
and prayer is the pearl within it: 875
The Moslem's heart deems prayer a
lesser pilgrimage.¹

In the Moslem's hand prayer is like a
dagger

Killing sin and forwardness and
wrong.

Fasting makes an assault upon hunger
and thirst

And breaches the citadel of sensuality. 880
The pilgrimage enlightens the soul of
the Faithful:

It teaches separation from one's home
and destroys attachment to one's
native land;

It is an act of devotion in which all feel
themselves to be one,

It binds together the leaves of the
book of religion.

¹ The lesser pilgrimage (*'umra*) is not obligatory like the greater pilgrimage (*hajj*).

Almsgiving causes love of riches to
885 pass away

And makes equality familiar;

It fortifies the heart with righteousness,¹

It increases wealth and diminishes
fondness for wealth.

All this is a means of strengthening
thee:

Thou art impregnable, if thy Islam be
890 strong.

Draw might from the litany "O
Almighty One!"

That thou mayst ride the camel of thy
body.²

3. DIVINE VICEGERENCY³

If thou canst rule thy camel, thou wilt
rule the world

¹The original quotes part of a verse in the Koran (ch. 3, v. 86), where it is said, "Ye shall never attain unto righteousness until ye give in alms of that which ye love."

²*I.e.* overcome the lusts of the flesh.

³Here Iqbal interprets in his own way the Súfi

And wear on thine head the crown of
Solomon.

Thou wilt be the glory of the world
whilst the world lasts, 895

And thou wilt reign in the kingdom
incorruptible.

'Tis sweet to be God's vicegerent in
the world

And exercise sway over the elements.
God's vicegerent is as the soul of the
universe,

His being is the shadow of the Great-
est Name. 900

He knows the mysteries of part and
whole,

He executes the command of Allah in
the world.

When he pitches his tent in the wide
world,

doctrine of the *Insán al-kámil* or Perfect Man, which teaches that every man is potentially a microcosm, and that when he has become spiritually perfect, all the Divine attributes are displayed by him, so that as saint or prophet he is the God-man, the representative and vicegerent of God on earth.

He rolls up this ancient carpet,¹
 His genius abounds with life and
 905 desires to manifest itself:

He will bring another world into
 existence.

A hundred worlds like this world of
 parts and wholes

Spring up, like roses, from the seed of
 his imagination.

He makes every raw nature ripe,

910 He puts the idols out of the sanctuary.

Heart-strings give forth music at his
 touch,

He wakes and sleeps for God alone.

He teaches age the melody of youth

And endows everything with the
 radiance of youth.

To the human race he brings both a
 915 glad message and a warning,

He comes both as a soldier and as a
 marshal and prince.

¹ *Le.* his appearance marks the end of an
 epoch.

He is the final cause of "God taught
Adam the names of all things,"¹

He is the inmost sense of "Glory to
Him that transported His servant
by night."²

His white hand is strengthened by the
staff,³

His knowledge is twinned with the
power of a perfect man. 920

When that bold cavalier seizes the
reins,

The steed of Time gallops faster.

His awful mien makes the Red Sea
dry,

He leads Israel out of Egypt.

At his cry, "Arise," the dead spirits 925

Rise in their bodily tomb, like pines in
the field.

His person is an atonement for all the
world,

¹ Koran, ch. 2, v. 29. The Ideal Man is the final cause of creation.

² Koran, ch. 17, v. 1. referring to the Ascension of the Prophet.

³ For the white hand (of Moses) cf. Koran, ch. 7, v. 105, ch. 26, v. 32, and Exodus, ch. 4, v. 6.

By his grandeur the world is saved.¹
 His protecting shadow makes the
 mote familiar with the sun,
 His rich substance makes precious all
 930 that exists.
 He bestows life by his miraculous
 action,
 He renovates old ways of life.
 Splendid visions rise from the print of
 his foot,
 Many a Moses is entranced by his
 Sinai.
 935 He gives a new explanation of Life,
 A new interpretation of this dream.
 His hidden being is Life's mystery,
 The unheard music of Life's harp.
 Nature travails in blood for genera-
 tions
 To compose the harmony of his
 940 personality.
 Our handful of earth has reached the
 zenith,

¹ These four lines may allude to Jesus, regarded as a type of the Perfect Man.

For that champion will come forth
from this dust!

There sleeps amidst the ashes of our
To-day

The flame of a world-consuming
morrow.

Our bud enfolds a garden of roses, 945

Our eyes are bright with to-morrow's
dawn.

Appear, O rider of Destiny!

Appear, O light of the dark realm of
Change!

Illumine the scene of existence,

Dwell in the blackness of our eyes! 950

Silence the noise of the nations,

Imparadise our ears with thy music!

Arise and tune the harp of brother-
hood,

Give us back the cup of the wine of
love!

Bring once more days of peace to the
world, 955

Give a message of peace to them that
seek battle!

Mankind are the cornfield and thou
the harvest,

Thou art the goal of Life's caravan.

The leaves are scattered by Autumn's
fury:

Oh, do thou pass over our gardens
960 as the Spring!

Receive from our downcast brows
The homage of little children and of
young men and old!

It is to thee that we owe our dignity
And silently undergo the pains of life.

X

*Setting forth the inner meaning of the
names of Ali.*

ALI is the first Moslem and the King
of men, 965
In Love's eyes Ali is the treasure of
the Faith.
Devotion to his family inspires me
with life
So that I am as a shining pearl.
Like the narcissus, I am enraptured
with gazing;
Like perfume, I am straying through
his pleasure-garden. 970
If holy water gushes from my earth,
he is the source;
If wine pours from my grapes, he is
the cause.

I am dust, but his sun hath made me
as a mirror:

Song can be seen in my breast.

From Ali's face the Prophet drew
975 many a fair omen,

By his majesty the true religion is
glorified.

His commandments are the strength
of Islam:

All things pay allegiance to his House.

The Apostle of God gave him the
name Bu Turab;

God in the Koran called him the
980 Hand of Allah."

Every one that is acquainted with
Life's mysteries

Knows what is the inner meaning
of the names of Ali.

The dark clay, whose name is the
body—

Our reason is ever bemoaning its
iniquity.

On account of it our sky-reaching
985 thought plods o'er the earth;

It makes our eyes blind and our ears
deaf.

It hath in its hand a two-edged sword
of lust:

Travellers' hearts are broken by this
brigand.

Ali, the Lion of God, subdued the
body's clay

And transmuted this dark earth to
gold. 990

Murtaza, by whose sword the
splendour of Truth was revealed,
Is named Bu Turab from his conquest
of the body.¹

Man wins territory by prowess in
battle,

But his brightest jewel is mastery of
himself.

Whosoever in the world becomes a
Bu Turab 995

Turns back the sun from the west;²

Whosoever saddles tightly the steed
of the body

¹ Murtazá, "he whom with God is pleased," is a name of Ali. Bú Turáb means literally "father of earth."

² A miracle attributed to Ali.

Sits like the bezel on the seal of
sovereignty:

Here the might of Khaibar is under
his feet,¹

And hereafter his hand will distribute
1000 the water of Kauthar.²

Through self-knowledge he acts as
God's Hand,

And in virtue of being God's Hand he
reigns over all.

His person is the gate of the city of
the sciences:³

Arabia, China, and Greece are subject
to him.

If thou wouldst drink clear wine from
1005 thine own grapes,

Thou must needs wield authority over
thine own earth.

To become earth is the creed of a
moth;

¹ The fortress of Khaibar, a village in the Hijáz, was captured by the Moslems in A.D. 628. Ali performed great feats of valour on this occasion.

² A river of Paradise.

³ According to the Tradition of the Prophet, "I am the city of Knowledge and Ali is its gate."

Be a conqueror of earth; that alone is
worthy of a man.

Thou art soft as a rose. Become hard
as a stone,

That thou mayst be the foundation of
the wall of the garden! 1010

Build thy clay into a Man,

Build thy Man into a World!

Unless from thine own earth thou
build thine own wall or door.

Some one else will make bricks of
thine earth.

O thou who complainest of the cruelty
of Heaven, 1015

Thou whose glass cries out against the
injustice of the stone,

How long this wailing and crying and
lamentation?

How long this perpetual beating of
thy breast?

The pith of Life is contained in action,
To delight in creation is the law of
Life. 1020

Arise and create a new world!

Wrap thyself in flames, be an
Abraham!¹

To comply with this world which does
not favour thy purposes
Is to fling away thy buckler on the
field of battle.

The man of strong character who is
1025 master of himself

Will find Fortune complaisant.

If the world does not comply with his
humour,

He will try the hazard of war with
Heaven;

He will dig up the foundations of the
universe

1030 And cast its atoms into a new mould.

He will subvert the course of Time
And wreck the azure firmament.

By his own strength he will produce
A new world which will do his
pleasure.

If one cannot live in the world as
1035 beseems a man,

¹ See note on l. 213.

Then it is better to die like the brave.
He that hath a sound heart
Will prove his strength by great
enterprises.

'Tis sweet to use love in hard tasks
And, like Abraham, to gather roses
from flames.¹ 1040

The potentialities of men of action
Are displayed in willing acceptance of
what is difficult.

Mean spirits have no weapon but
resentment,

Life has only one law.

Life is power made manifest, 1045
And its mainspring is the desire for
victory.

Mercy out of season is a chilling of
Life's blood,

A break in the rhythm of Life's music.
Whoever is sunk in the depths of
ignominy

¹The burning pyre on which Abraham was
thrown lost its heat and was transformed into a
rose-garden.

1050 Calls his weakness contentment.

Weakness is the plunderer of Life,
Its womb is teeming with fears and
lies.

Its soul is empty of virtues,
Vices fatten on its milk.

1055 O man of sound judgment, beware!

This spoiler is lurking in ambush.
Be not its dupe, if thou art wise:
Chameleon-like, it changes colour
every moment.

Even by keen observers its form is not
discerned:

1060 Veils are thrown over its face.

Now it is muffled in pity and gentle-
ness,

Now it wears the cloak of humanity.
Sometimes it is disguised as compul-
sion,

Sometimes as excusability.

It appears in the shape of self-indul-
1065 gence

And robs the strong man's heart of
courage.

Strength is the twin of Truth;
 If thou knowest thyself, strength is
 the Truth-revealing glass.
 Life is the seed, and power the crop:
 Power explains the mystery of truth
 and falsehood. 1070
 A claimant, if he be possessed of
 power,
 Needs no argument for his claim.
 Falsehood derives from power the
 authority of truth,
 And by falsifying truth deems itself
 true.
 Its creative word transforms poison
 into nectar; 1075
 It says to Good, "Thou art bad," and
 Good becomes Evil.
 O thou that art heedless of the trust
 committed to thee,
 Esteem thyself superior to both
 worlds!¹

¹ The "trust" which God offered to Man and which Man accepted, after it had been refused by Heaven and Earth (Koran, ch. 33, v. 72), is the divine vicegerency, *i.e.* the duty of displaying the divine attributes.

Gain knowledge of Life's mysteries!
 1080 Be a tyrant! Ignore all except God!
 O man of understanding, open thine
 eyes, ears, and lips!¹
 If then thou seest not the Way of
 Truth, laugh at me!

¹ A parody of the verse in the *Masnavi* quoted above. See l. 603.

XI

Story of a young man of Merv who came to the saint Ali Hujwiri—God have mercy on him!—and complained that he was oppressed by his enemies.

THE saint of Hujwir was venerated
by the peoples,

And Pir-i-Sanjar visited his tomb as a
pilgrim.¹

With ease he broke down the moun-
tain-barriers 108

And sowed the seed of Islam in India.
The age of Omar was restored by his
godliness,

¹ Hujwiri, author of the oldest Persian treatise on Sufism, was a native of Ghazna in Afghanistan. He died at Lahore about A.D. 1072. Pir-i-Sanjar is the renowned saint, Mu'nuddin, head of the Chishti order of dervishes, who died in A.D. 1235 at Ajmir.

The fame of the Truth was exalted by
his words.

He was a guardian of the honour of
the Koran.

The house of Falsehood fell in ruins
1090 at his gaze.

The dust of the Punjab was brought
to life by his breath,

Our dawn was made splendid by his
sun.

He was a lover, and withal a courier
of Love:

The secrets of Love shone forth from
his brow.

1095 I will tell a story of his perfection
And enclose a whole rose-bed in a
single bud.

A young man, cypress-tall,
Came from the town of Merv to
Lahore.

He went to see the venerable saint,
1100 That the sun might dispel his dark-
ness.

"I am hemmed in," he said, "by foes;
I am as a glass in the midst of stones.

xi SECRETS OF THE SELF 9

Do thou teach me, O sire of heavenly
rank,

How to lead my life amongst
enemies!"

The wise Director, in whose nature 1105
Love had allied beauty with majesty,
Answered: "Thou art unread in Life's
lore,

Careless of its end and its beginning.
Be without fear of others!

Thou art a sleeping force: awake! 1110
When the stone thought itself to be
/ glass;

It became glass and got into the way
of breaking.

If the traveller thinks himself weak,
He delivers his soul unto the brigand.
How long wilt thou regard thyself as
water and clay? 1115

Create from thy clay a flaming Sinai!
Why be angry with mighty men?

Why complain of enemies

I will declare the truth: thine enemy
is thy friend;

1120 His existence crowns thee with glory.

Whosoever knows the states of the
Self

Considers a powerful enemy to be a
blessing from God.

To the seed of Man the enemy is as
a rain-cloud:

He awakens its potentialities.

If thy spirit be strong, the stones in
1125 thy way are as water:

What recks the torrent of the ups and
downs of the road?

The sword of resolution is whetted by
the stones in the way

And put to proof by traversing stage
after stage.

What is the use of eating and sleeping
like a beast?

What is the use of being, unless thou
1130 have strength in thyself?

When thou mak'st thyself strong with
Self,

Thou wilt destroy the world at thy
pleasure.

If thou wouldst pass away, become
free of Self;

If thou wouldst live, become full of
Self!¹

What is death? To become oblivious
to Self. 1135

Why imagine that it is the parting of
soul and body?

Abide in Self, like Joseph!

Advance from captivity to empire!

Think of Self and be a man of action!

Be a man of God, bear mysteries
within!² 1140

I will explain the matter by means of
stories,

I will open the bud by the power of
my breath.

"'Tis better that a lover's secret
Should be told by the lips of others."²

¹ These lines correct the Sûfî doctrine that by means of passing away from individuality the mystic attains to everlasting life in God.

² *I.e.* allegorically. This verse occurs in the *Mamvî*.

XII

*Story of the bird that was faint with
thirst.*

1145 A BIRD was faint with thirst,
The breath in his body was heaving
like waves of smoke.
He saw a diamond in the garden:
Thirst created a vision of water.
Deceived by the sunbright stone
The foolish bird fancied that it was
1150 water.
He got no moisture from the gem:
He pecked it with his beak, but it did
not wet his palate.
"O thrall of vain desire," said the
diamond,

"Thou hast sharpened thy greedy
beak on me;

But I am not a dewdrop, I give no
drink, 1155

I do not live for the sake of others.
Wouldst thou hurt me? Thou art
mad!

A lie that reveals the Self is strange
to thee.

My water will shiver the beaks of birds
And break the jewel of man's life."¹ 1160

The bird won not his heart's wish from
the diamond

And turned away from the sparkling
stone.

Disappointment swelled in his breast,
The song in his throat became a wail.

Upon a rose-twigg a drop of dew 1165

Gleamed like the tear in a nightingale's
eye:

All its glitter was owing to the sun,
It was trembling in fear of the sun—

¹ I.e. if he swallow a diamond, he will die.

A restless sky-born star
 That had stopped for a moment, from
 1170 desire to be seen;
 Oft deceived by bud and flower,
 It had gained nothing from Life.
 There it hung, ready to drop,
 Like a tear on the eyelashes of a lover
 who hath lost his heart.

The sorely distressed bird hopped
 1175 under the rose-bush,

The dewdrop trickled into his mouth.
 O thou that wouldst deliver thy soul
 from enemies,

I ask thee—"Art thou a drop of water
 or a gem?"

When the bird melted in the fire of
 thirst,

1180 It appropriated the life of another.
 The drop was not solid and gem-like;
 The diamond had a being, the drop
 had none.

Never for an instant neglect Self-
 preservation:

XII SECRETS OF THE SELF 103

Be a diamond, not a dewdrop!
Be massive in nature, like mountains, 1185
And bear on thy crest a hundred
 clouds laden with floods of rain!
Save thyself by affirmation of Self,
Compress thy quicksilver into silver
 ore!
Produce a melody from the string of
 Self,
Make manifest the secrets of Self! 1190

XIII

Story of the diamond and the coal.

NOW I will open one more gate of
Truth,

I will tell thee another tale.

The coal in the mine said to the
diamond,

"O thou entrusted with splendours
everlasting,

We are comrades, and our beng is
1195 one;

The source of our existence is the
same,

Yet while I die here in the anguish of
worthlessness,

Thou art set on the crowns of
emperors.

My stuff is so vile that I am valued less
than earth,

Whereas the mirror's heart is rent by
thy beauty. 1200

My darkness illumines the chafing-
dish,

Then my substance is incinerated at
last.

Every one puts the sole of his foot on
my head

And covers my stock of existence
with ashes.

My fate must needs be deplored; 1205

Dost thou know what is the gist of my
being?

It is a condensed wavelet of smoke,
Endowed with a single spark.¹

Both in feature and nature thou art
starlike,

Splendours rise from every side of
thee. 1210

Now thou becom'st the light of a
monarch's eye,

¹ These two lines indicate the gist of the poet's
being.

Now thou adornest the haft of a
dagger."

"O sagacious friend!" said the
diamond,

"Dark earth, when hardened, becomes
in dignity as a bezel.

Having been at strife with its environ-
1215 ment,

It is ripened by the struggle and grows
hard like a stone.

'Tis this ripeness that has endowed
my form with light.

And filled my bosom with radiance.

Because thy being is immature, thou
hast become abased;

Because thy body is soft, thou art
1220 burnt.

Be void of fear, grief, and anxiety;

Be hard as a stone, be a diamond!

Whosoever strives hard and grips
tight,

The two words are illumined by
him.

1225 A little earth is the origin of the
Black Stone

Which puts forth its head in the
Ka'ba:

Its rank is higher than Sinai,
It is kissed by the swarthy and the fair.
In solidity consists the glory of Life;
Weakness is worthlessness and im-
maturity." 1230

XIV

*Story of the Sheikh and the Brahmin,
followed by a conversation between
Ganges and Himalaya to the effect
that the continuation of social life de-
pends on firm attachments to the char-
acteristic traditions of the community.*

AT Benares lived a venerable
Brahmin,

Whose head was deep in the ocean of
Being and Not-being.

He had a large knowledge of philo-
sophy

But was well-disposed to the seekers
after God.

His mind was eager to explore new
1235 problems,

His intellect moved on a level with the
Pleiades;

His nest was as high as that of the
Anka;¹

Sun and moon were cast, like rue, on
the flame of his thought.²

For a long time he laboured and
sweated,

But philosophy brought no wine to his
cup.

1240

Although he set many a snare in the
gardens of learning,

His snares never caught a glimpse of
the Ideal bird;

And notwithstanding that the nails of
his thought were dabbled with
blood,

The knot of Being and Not-being
remained untied.

The sighs on his lips bore witness to
his despair,

1245

His countenance told tales of his
distraction.

¹ A mysterious bird, of which nothing is known except its name.

² Rue-seed is burned for the purpose of fumigation.

One day he visited an excellent Sheikh,
A man who had in his breast a heart
of gold.

The Brahmin laid the seal of silence on
his lips

1250 And lent his ear to the Sage's
discourse.

Then said the Sheikh: "O wanderer in
the lofty sky,

Pledge thyself to be true, for a little,
to the earth!

Thou hast lost thy way in wildernesses
of speculation,

Thy fearless thought hath passed
beyond Heaven.

Be reconciled with earth, O sky-
1255 traveller!

Do not wander in quest of the essence
of the stars!

I do not bid thee abandon thine idols.
Art thou an unbeliever? Then be
worthy of the badge of unbelief!¹

¹ "The badge of unbelief" here the original has
sunnār ((ζωνάριον)), i.e. the sacred thread worn
by Zoroastrians and other non-Muslims

O inheritor of ancient culture,
Turn not thy back on the path thy
fathers trod! 1260

If a people's life is derived from unity,
Unbelief too is source of unity.
Thou that art not even a perfect infidel
Art unfit to worship at the shrine of
the spirit.

We both are far astray from the road
of devotion: 1265

Thou art far from Azar, and I from
Abraham.¹

Our Majnun hath not fallen into
melancholy for his Laila's sake:
He hath not become perfect in the
madness of love.

When the lamp of Self expires,
What is the use of heaven-surveying
imagination?" 1270

Once on a time, laying hold of the skirt
of the mountain,

¹ Azar, the father of Abraham, was an idolater.

Ganges said to Himalaya:

"O thou mantled in snow since the
morn of creation,

Thou whose form is girdled with
streams,

God made thee a partner in the secrets
1275 of heaven,

But deprived thy foot of graceful gait.
He took away from thee the power to
walk:

What avails this sublimity and stateli-
ness?

Life springs from perpetual move-
ment;

Motion constitutes the wave's whole
1280 existence."

When the mountain heard this taunt
from the river,

He puffed angrily like a sea of fire,
And answered: "Thy wide waters are
my looking-glass;

Within my bosom are a hundred
rivers like thee.

XIV SECRETS OF THE SELF 113

This graceful gait of thine is an
instrument of death: 1285

Whoso goeth from Self is meet to
die.

Thou hast no knowledge of thine own
case, 1

Thou exultest in thy misfortune: thou
art a fool!

O born of the womb of the revolving
sky,

A fallen-in bank is better than thou! 1290

Thou hast made thine existence an
offering to the ocean,

Thou hast thrown the rich purse of
thy life to the highwayman.

Be self-contained like the rose in the
garden,

Do not go to the florist in order to
spread thy perfume!

✓ To live is to grow in thyself 1295

And gather roses from thine own
flower-bed.

Ages have gone by and my foot is fast
in earth,

Dost thou fancy that I am far from
my goal?

My being grew and reached the sky,
The Pleiads sank to rest under my
1300 skirts;

Thy being vanishes in the ocean,
But on my crest the stars bow their
heads.

Mine eye sees the mysteries of heaven,
Mine ear is familiar with angels'
wings.

Since I glowed with the heat of un-
1305 ceasing toil,

I amassed rubies, diamonds, and other
gems.

I am stone within, and in the stone is
fire:

Water cannot pass over my fire!"

Art thou a drop of water? Do not
break at thine own feet,

But endeavour to surge and wrestle
1310 with the sea.

Desire the water of a jewel, become
a jewel!

XIV SECRETS OF THE SELF 115

Be an ear-drop, adorn a beauty!
Oh, expand thyself! Move swiftly!
Be a cloud that shoots lightning and
 sheds a flood of rain!
Let the ocean sue for thy storms as
 a beggar, 1315
Let it complain of the straitness of its
 skirts!
Let it deem itself less than a wave
And glide along at thy feet!

XV

Showing that the purpose of the Moslem's life is to exalt the Word of Allah, and that the Jihād (war against unbelievers), if it be prompted by land-hunger, is unlawful in the religion of Islam.

IMBUE thine heart with the tincture
of Allah,

1320 Give honour and glory to Love!

The Moslem's nature prevails by
means of love:

The Moslem, if he be not loving, is an
infidel.

Upon God depends his seeing and not-
seeing,

His eating, drinking, and sleeping.

xv SECRETS OF THE SELF 117

In his will that which God wills be-
comes lost— 1325

“How shall a man believe this
saying?”¹

He encamps in the field of “There is
no god but Allah”;

In the world he is a witness to
mankind.²

His high estate is attested by the
Prophet who was sent to men and
Jinn—

The most truthful of witnesses. 1330

Leave words and seek that spiritual
state,

Shed the light of God o’er the dark-
ness of thy deeds!

Albeit clad in kingly robe, live as a
dervish,

Live wakeful and meditating on God!
Whatever thou dost, let it be thine
aim therein to draw nigh to God, 1335

¹ See Introduction, p. xix, note 1.

² *I.e.* the life of the true Moslem displays to
mankind the ideal realised.

That his glory may be made manifest
by thee.

Peace becomes an evil, if its object be
aught else;

War is good if its object is God.

If God be not exalted by our swords,

¹³⁴⁰ War dishonours the people.

The holy Sheikh Miyan Mir Wali,¹

By the light of whose soul every
hidden thing was revealed—

His feet were firmly planted on the
path of Mohammed,

He was a flute for the impassioned
music of love.

¹³⁴⁵ His tomb keeps our city safe from
harm

And causes the beams of true religion
to shine on us.

Heaven stooped its brow to his
threshold,

The Emperor of India was one of his
disciples.²

¹ A celebrated Moslem saint, who died at
Lahore in A.D. 1635.

² Sháh-jahán.

Now, this monarch had sown the seed
of ambition in his heart
And was resolved on conquest. 1350
The flames of vain desire were alight
in him,
He was teaching his sword to ask, "Is
there any more?"¹
In the Deccan was a great noise of
war,
His army stood on the battlefield.
He went to the Sheikh of heaven-high
dignity 1355
That he might receive his blessing:
The Moslem turns from this world to
God
And strengthens policy with prayer.
The Sheikh made no answer to the
Emperor's speech,
The assembly of dervishes was all
ears, 1360
Until a disciple, in his hand a silver
coin,
Opened his lips and broke the silence,

¹ Koran, ch. 30, v. 29.

Saying, "Accept this poor offering
from me,

O guide of them that have lost the
way to God!

My limbs were bathed in sweat of
1365 labour

Before I put away a dirhem in my
skirt."

The Sheikh said: "This money ought
to be given to our Sultan,

Who is a beggar wearing the raiment
of a king.

Though he holds sway over sun,
moon, and stars,

Our Emperor is the most penniless of
1370 mankind.

His eye is fixed on the table of
strangers,

The fire of his hunger hath consumed
a whole world.

His sword is followed by famine and
plague,

His building lays a wide land waste.

The folk are crying out because of his
1375 indigence;

His empty-handedness causes him to
plunder the weak.

His power is an enemy to all:
Humankind are the caravan and he
the brigand.

In his self-delusion and ignorance
He calls pillage by the name of empire 1380
Both the royal troops and those of the
enemy

Are cloven in twain by the sword of
his hunger.

The beggar's hunger consumes his
own soul,

But the Sultan's hunger destroys state
and religion.

Whoso shall draw the sword for any-
thing except Allah, 1385

His sword is sheathed in his own
breast."

XVI

*Precepts written for the Moslems of
India by Mir Najāt Nakshband, who is
generally known as Bábá Sahrá'í¹*

O THOU that hast grown from earth,
like a rose,
Thou too art born of the womb of
Self.

Do not abandon Self! Persist therein!
Be a drop of water and drink up the
1390 ocean!

Glowing with the light of Self as thou
art,
Make Self strong, and thou wilt
endure.

¹ This appears to be a pseudonym assumed by
the author.

Thou gett'st profit from this trade,
Thou gain'st riches by preserving this
commodity.

Thou art Being, and art thou afraid of
not-being? 1395

Dear friend, thy understanding is at
fault.

Since I am acquainted with the
harmony of Life,

I will tell thee what is the secret of
Life—

To sink into thyself like the pearl,
Then to emerge from thine inward
solitude; 1400

To collect sparks beneath the ashes,
And become a flame and dazzle men's
eyes.

Go, burn the house of forty years'
tribulation,

Move round thyself! Be a circling
flame!

What is Life but to be freed from
moving round others 1405

And to regard thyself as the Holy
Temple?

Beat thy wings and escape from the
attraction of Earth;

Like birds be safe from falling.

Unless thou art a bird, thou wilt do
wisely

Not to build thy nest on the top of a
1410 cave.

O thou that seekest to acquire know-
ledge,

I say o'er to thee the message of the
Sage of Rum:¹

"Knowledge, if it lie on thy skin, is a
snake;

Knowledge, if thou take it to heart, is
a friend."

Hast thou heard how the Master of
1415 Rum

Gave lectures on philosophy at
Aleppo?—

Fast in the bonds of intellectual proofs,

¹ Jalāluddīn Rūmī.

Drifting o'er the dark and stormy sea
of understanding;
A Moses unilluminated by Love's Sinai,
Ignorant of Love and of Love's
passion. 1420

He discoursed on Scepticism and
Neoplatonism,
And strung many a brilliant pearl of
metaphysic.
He unravelled the problems of the
Peripatetics,
The light of his thought made clear
whatever was obscure.
Heaps of books lay around and in
front of him, 1425
And on his lips was the key to all their
mysteries.
Shams-i-Tabriz, directed by Kamal,¹
Sought his way to the college of
Jalaluddin Rumi
And cried out, "What is all this noise
and babble?"

¹ Bábá Kamáluddín Jundí. For Shams-i-Tabriz and his relation to Jaláluddín Rúmí see my *Selected Poems from the Dikván-i Shams-i-Tabriz* (Cambridge, 1898).

What are all these syllogisms and
1430 judgments and demonstrations?"

"Peace O fool!" exclaimed the
Maulvi,

"Do not laugh at the doctrines of the
sages.

Get thee out of my college!

This is argument and discussion; what
hast thou to do with it?

My discourse is beyond thy under-
1435 standing,

It brightens the glass of perception."

These words increased the anger of
Shams-i-Tabriz

And caused a fire to burst forth from
his soul.

The lightning of his look fell on the
earth,

And the glow of his breath made the
1440 dust spring into flames.

The spiritual fire burned the intellec-
tual stack

And clean consumed the library of
the philosopher.

The Maulvi, being a stranger to Love's
miracles

And unversed in Love's harmonies,
Cried, "How didst thou kindle this
fire, 1445

Which hath burned the books of the
philosophers?"

The Sheikh answered, "O unbelieving
Moslem,

This is vision and ecstasy: what hast
thou to do with it?

My state is beyond thy thought,
My flame is the Alchemist's elixir." 1450
Thou hast drawn thy substance from
the snow of philosophy,

The cloud of thy thought sheds
nothing but hailstones.

Kindle a fire in thy rubble,
Foster a flame in thy earth!
The Moslem's knowledge is perfected
by spiritual fervour, 1455

The meaning of Islam is *Renounce
what shall pass away.*

When Abraham escaped from the
bondage of "that which sets,"¹

He sat unhurt in the midst of flames.²

Thou hast cast knowledge of God
behind thee

And squandered thy religion for the
1460 sake of a loaf.

Thou art hot in pursuit of antimony,
Thou art unaware of the blackness of
thine own eye.

Seek the Fountain of Life from the
sword's edge,

And the River of Paradise from the
dragon's mouth.

Demand the Black Stone from the
1465 door of the house of idols,

And the musk-deer's bladder from a
mad dog,

¹ Abraham refused to worship the sun, moon,
and stars, saying, "I love not them that set"
(Koran, ch. 6, v. 76).

² See p. 91, note.

~~But do not seek~~ the glow of Love from
the knowledge of to-day,

~~Do not seek~~ the nature of Truth from
this infidel's cup!

Long have I been running to and fro,
Learning the secrets of the New
Knowledge: 1470

Its gardeners have put me to the
trial

And have made me intimate with their
roses.

Roses! Tulips, rather, that warn one
not to smell them—

Like paper roses, a mirage of perfume.
Since this garden ceased to enthrall
me 1475

I have nested on the Paradisal tree.
Modern knowledge is the greatest
blind—

Idol-worshipping, idol-selling, idol-
making!

Shackled in the prison of phenomena,
It has not overleaped the limits of the
sensible. 1480

It has fallen down in crossing the
bridge of Life,

It has laid the knife to its own throat.

Its fire is cold as the flame of the tulip;

Its flames are frozen like hail.

Its nature remains untouched by the
1485 glow of Love,

It is ever engaged in joyless search.

in edge Love is the Plato that heals the sick-
nesses of the mind:¹

The mind's melancholy is cured by
its lancet.

The whole world bows in adoration to
Love,

Love is the Mahmud that conquers the
1490 Somnath of intellect.²

Modern science lacks this old wine in
its cup,

Its nights are not loud with passionate
prayer.

¹ In the *Masnavi* Love is called "the physician of our pride and self-conceit, our Plato and our Galen."

² The famous idol of Somnath was destroyed by Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna.

Thou hast misprized thine own
cypress

And deemed tall the cypress of
others.

Like the reed, thou hast emptied
thyself of Self 1495

And given thine heart to the music of
others.

O thou that begg'st morsels from
another's table,

Wilt thou seek thine own kind in
another's shop?

The Moslem's assembly-place is
burned up by the lamps of
strangers,

His mosque is consumed by the
sparks of monasticism. 1500

When the deer fled from the sacred
territory of Mecca,

The hunter's arrow pierced her side.¹

The leaves of the rose are scattered,
like its scent:

O thou that hast fled from thy Self,
come back to it!

¹ The pilgrims are forbidden to kill game

O trustee of the wisdom of the
1505 Koran,

Find thy lost unity again!

We, who keep the gate of the citadel
of Islam,

Have become unbelievers by neglect-
ing the watchword of Islam.

The ancient Saki's bowl is shattered,
The wine-party of the Hijaz is broken

1510 up.

The Ka'ba is filled with our idols,

Infidelity mocks at our Islam.

Our Sheikh hath gambled Islam away
for love of idols

And made a rosary of the *summer*.¹

Our spiritual directors owe their rank
1515 to their white hairs

And are the laughing-stock of children
in the street;

Their hearts bear no impress of the
Faith

But house the idols of sensuality. 2

¹ See p. 110, note.

Every long-haired fellow wears the
garb of a dervish—

Alas for these traffickers in religion! 1520

Day and night they are travelling
about with disciples,

Insensible to the great needs of Islam.

Their eyes are without light, like the
narcissus.

Their breasts devoid of spiritual
wealth.

Preachers and Sufis, all worship
worldliness alike; 1525

The prestige of the pure religion is
ruined.

Our preacher fixed his eyes on the
pagoda

And the mufti of the Faith sold his
verdict.

After this, O friends, what are we
to do?

Our guide turns his face towards the
wine-house. 1530

XVII

Time is a sword.

GREEN be the holy grave of Shafi'i,¹
Whose vine hath cheered a whole
world!

His thought plucked a star from
heaven:

He named Time "a cutting sword."

How shall I say what is the secret of
1535 this sword?

In its flashing edge there is life.

Its owner is exalted above hope and
fear,

His hand is whiter than the hand of
Moses.

¹ Founder of one of the four great Moham-
medan schools of law.

At one stroke thereof water gushes
from the rock

And the sea becomes land from dearth
of moisture. 1540

Moses held this sword in his hand,
Therefore he wrought more than man
may contrive.

He clove the Red Sea asunder

And made its waters like dry earth.

The arm of Ali, the conqueror of
Khaibar, 1545

Drew its strength from this same
sword.

The revolution of the sky is worth
seeing,

The change of day and night is worth
observing.¹

Look, O thou enthralled by Yesterday
and To-morrow,

Behold another world in thine own
heart! 1550

Thou hast sown the seed of darkness
in thy clay,

Thou hast imagined Time as a line: . .

¹*I.e.* turn your attention to the nature and
meaning of Time.

Thy thought measures length of Time
With the measure of night and day.

Thou mak'st this line a girdle on thine
1555 infidel waist;

Thou art an advertiser of falsehood,
like idols.

Thou wert the Elixir, and thou hast
become a peck of dust;

Thou wert born the conscience of
Truth, and thou hast become a lie!
Art thou a Moslem? Then cast off
this girdle!

Be a candle to the feast of the religion
1560 of the free!

Knowing not the origin of Time,
Thou art ignorant of everlasting Life.
How long wilt thou be a thrall of night
and day?

Learn the mystery of Time from the
words "I have a time with God."¹

¹ The Prophet said, "I have a time with God of such sort that neither angel nor prophet is my peer," meaning (if we interpret his words according to the sense of this passage) that he felt himself to be timeless.

**Phenomena arise from the march of
Time,** 1565

Life is one of Time's mysteries.

**The cause of Time is not the revolu-
tion of the sun:**

**Time is everlasting, but the sun does
not last for ever.**

**Time is joy and sorrow, festival and
fast;**

**Time is the secret of moonlight and
sunlight.** 1570

**Thou hast extended Time, like Space,
And distinguished Yesterday from
To-morrow.**

**Thou hast fled, like a scent, from thine
own garden;**

**Thou hast made thy prison with thine
own hand.**

**Our Time which has neither beginning
nor end,** 1575

**Blossoms from the flower-bed of our
mind.**

**To know its root quickens the living
with new life:**

Its being is more splendid than the
dawn.

Life is of Time, and Time is of Life:

"Do not abuse Time!" was the
1580 command of the Prophet.¹

Oh, the memory of those days when
Time's sword

Was allied with the strength of our
hands!²

We sowed the seed of religion in
men's hearts

And unveiled the face of Truth;

Our nails tore loose the knot of this
1585 world,

Our bowing in prayer gave blessings
to the earth.

From the jar of Truth we made rosy
wine gush forth,

We charged against the ancient
taverns.

¹The Prophet is reported to have said, "Do not abuse Time, for Time is God."

²The glorious days when Islam first set out to convert and conquer the world

O thou in whose cup is old wine
A wine so hot that the glass is well-
nigh turned to water, 1590

Wilt thou in thy pride and arrogance
and self-conceit

Taunt us with our emptiness?

Our cup, too, hath graced the sym-
posium;

Our breast hath owned a spirit.

The new age with all its glories 1595

Hath risen from the dust of our feet.

Our blood hath watered God's harvest,

All worshippers of God are our
debtors.

The *takbir* was our gift to the world,¹

Ka'bas were built of our clay. 1600

By means of us God taught the Koran,

From our hand He dispensed His
bounty.

Although crown and signet have
passed from us,

Do not look with contempt on our
beggarliness!

¹The *takbir* is the cry "*Allah akbar*," "Allah is most great."

1605 In thine eyes we are good for
nothing,

Thinking old thoughts, despicable.

We have honour from "There is no
god but Allah,"

We are the protectors of the universe.
Freed from the vexation of to-day and
to-morrow,

We have pledged ourselves to love
1610 One.

We are the conscience hidden in God's
heart,

We are the heirs of Moses and Aaron.
Sun and moon are still bright with
our radiance,

Lightning-flashes still lurk in our
cloud.

1615 In our essence Divinity is mirrored:
The Moslem's being is one of the signs
of God.

XVIII

An invocation.

O THOU that art as the soul in the
body of the universe,
Thou art our soul and thou art ever
fleeing from us.
Thou breathest music into Life's lute;
Life envies Death when death is for
thy sake 1620
Once more bring comfort to our sad
hearts,
Once more dwell in our breasts!
Once more demand from us the sacri-
fice of name and fame,
Strengthen our weak love.

1625 We are oft complaining of destiny,
 Thou art of great price and we have
 naught.

Hide not thy fair face from the
 empty-handed!

Sell cheap the love of Salman and
 Bilal!¹

Give us the sleepless eye and the
 passionate heart,

1630 Give us again the nature of quick-
 silver!

Show unto us one of thy manifest
 signs,

That the necks of our enemies may be
 bowed!

Make this chaff a mountain crested
 with fire,

Burn with our fire all that is not God!

When the people of Islam let the
 thread of Unity go from their

1635 hands,

They fell into a hundred mazes.

¹ Salmán was a Persian, Bilál an Abyssinian.
 Both had been slaves and were devoted hench-
 men of the Prophet.

**We are dispersed like stars in the
world;**

**Though of the same family, we are
strange to one another.**

Bind again these scattered leaves,

Revive the law of love! 1640

Take us back to serve thee as of old,

**Commit thy cause to them that love
thee!**

**We are travellers: give us resignation
as our goal!**

Give us the strong faith of Abraham!

**Make us know the meaning of "There
is no God," 1645**

**Make us acquainted with the mystery
of "except Allah"!¹**

**I who burn like a candle for the sake
of others**

Teach myself to weep like the candle.

O God! a tear that is heart-enkindling,

**Passionful, wrung forth by pain,
peace-consuming, 1650**

¹ *I.e.* affirmation of the Divine Unity.

May I sow in the garden, and may it
grow into a fire

That washes away the fire-brand from
the tulip's robe!

My heart is with yestereve, my eye is
on to-morrow:

Amidst the company I am alone.

1655 "Every one fancies he is my friend,
But none ever sought the secrets
within my soul."

Oh, where in the wide world is my
comrade?

I am the Bush of Sinai: where is my
Moses?

I am tyrannous, I have done many a
wrong to myself,

1660 I have nourished a flame in my
bosom,

A flame that burnt to ashes the wares
of understanding.

Cast fire on the skirt of discretion,
Lessoned with madness the proud
reason,

And inflamed the very being of
knowledge:

Its blaze enthrones the sun in the
sky 1665

And lightnings encircle it with adora-
tion for ever.

Mine eye fell to weeping, like dew,
Since I was entrusted with that hidden
fire.

I taught the candle to burn openly,
While I myself burned unseen by the
world's eye. 1670

At last flames burst forth from every
hair of me,

Fire dropped from the veins of my
thought:

My nightingale picked up the spark
grains

And created a fire-tempered song.

The breast of this age is without a
heart, 1675

Majnun quivers with pain because
Laila's howdah is empty.

It is not easy for the candle to throb
alone:

146 SECRETS OF THE SELF xviii

Ah, is there no moth worthy of me?
How long shall I wait for one to share
my grief?

How long must I search for a
1680 confidant?

O Thou whose face lends light to the
moon and the stars,

Withdraw thy fire from my soul!

Take back what Thou hast put in my
breast,

Remove the stabbing radiance from
my mirror,

1685 Or give me one old comrade

To be the mirror of mine all-burning
love!

In the sea wave tosses side by side
with wave:

Each hath a partner in its emotion.

.. In heaven star consorts with star,

And the bright moon lays her head on

1690 the knees of Night.

Morning touches Night's dark side,

And To-day throws itself against

To-morrow.

XVIII SECRETS OF THE SELF 147

One river loses its being in another,
A waft of air dies in perfume.
There is dancing in every nook of the
wilderness, 1695

Madman dances with madman.
Because in thine essence Thou art
single,

Thou hast evolved for Thyself a
whole world.

I am as the tulip of the field,
In the midst of a company I am '
alone. 1700

I beg of Thy grace a sympathising
friend,

And adept in the mysteries of my
nature.

A friend endowed with madness and
wisdom.

One that knoweth not the phantom
of vain things,

That I may confide my lament to his
soul 1705

And see again my face in his heart.

THE SECRETS OF THE SELF

His image I will mould of mine own
clay,

I will be to him both idol and
worshipper.

THE END

Printed and made in India

